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VOL. XIX.—No. 491.

DECEMBER 3, 1859.

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MORE THAN ONCE has a question been mooted in these columns which has been so often and so diffusely discussed, that we might almost be pardoned if we applied to it the epithet "trite"—the question of the decline of the British drama. That it has declined, that a national drama, properly so called, really has no existence among us now, is a truth which scarcely any one who has any pretension to know anything about the matter will presume to deny. Gone is the Muse who inspired our SHAKESPEARE, our JONSON, our BEAUMONT, and our FLETCHER; gone is even she who in a later day fluttered over the pens of TALFOURD and of KNOWLES.

Of farce and burlesque writers, of dramatists who love to drag every good and every great thing through the mud, of pilferers and adapters of other men's ideas, we have, alas! more than enough; but let any one who suspects us of taking too desponding and atrabilious view of the case look round and tell us how many genuine British dramatists we have, and we fear that when he has surveyed the whole prospect his answer perforce must be—"not one."

This is not the first time that we have attempted to probe this question and point out where the germ of the evil lies. Three years ago we took the matter in hand, and, thanks to the kindness of M. LÉGOUÉ, the Secretary of the French *Société des Auteurs Dramatiques*, we were enabled to lay some facts before our readers which went very conclusively to show that the French and English authors work under entirely different circumstances as regards profit, and we then went on to argue that it was more than possible that this fact had something to do with the difference in quality between modern French and modern English dramatic compositions, and between the class of persons who in their respective countries devote their talents to writing for the stage. We showed that in France, if an author wrote three or four successful pieces, it was a property to him for life; that it was not an impossible thing for an author to make three or four thousand pounds out of a piece; that it was possible in France for a dramatic author of talent to acquire not only a competence, but even wealth, by the exercise of his abilities. On the other hand, we showed that in England quite a different state of things obtains; that the meanest sums are given for pieces intended for the stage; that the very utmost a writer could hope to obtain for a successful piece, when he had attained to the very pinnacle of fame and popularity, was two or three hundred pounds; whilst such sums as fifty, forty, or even twenty and ten pounds sterling, were sometimes paid for pieces said to be original. The consequences of such a short-sighted policy as this cannot but be too obvious. No man of first-rate abilities, who can gain a living elsewhere, will condescend to write for the English stage—or, if he do write, it will only be as a kind of *délassement*, for want of something better to do. Those who do write are either men of inferior talent, who can get no other employment, or gentlemen with "press influence," who have the power of thrusting their careless adaptations or hastily-scrawled productions down the throats of the managers, and sometimes also of the public itself. Finally, we pointed out that, if another system could be adopted; if the English writer had the same chance as the Frenchman for earning a fair harvest for his toil; if pieces were paid for by a rate levied upon its success—in other words, by a per-centage on the gross receipts of the house—there might then be some chance of tempting a superior class of writers to devote their minds to the service of the stage.

These arguments, produced more than three years ago, have not been entirely thrown away. Within this very week they have been reproduced in the columns of a daily contemporary, urged with a vigour which lent to them considerable force, but with a fidelity which proved to us that our bread had not been cast in vain upon the waters. It is true, as our contemporary urged, and as we urged before him, that there is no temptation for first-rate intellects to busy themselves about dramatic matters. Whether they would do so under altered circumstances remains to be seen; but surely the experiment is worth trying.

Perhaps the best form of argument to be offered to the managers of the theatres is that which addresses itself to their purses. The present state of things is undoubtedly reactive. Bad pay produces bad pieces, and these again bad houses; so that the managers, in paying their authors badly, deny themselves the chance of making good profits. And yet some of these gentlemen, who will grudge to pay an author a hundred pounds, will cheerfully spend two thousand pounds in the paint and gilding used in "getting up" his piece. Either this is very unwise, or it is a proof that the public cares more for the paint and the gilding than for having good pieces written for them.

We think it cannot be sufficiently dinned into the managerial mind that the French system of paying the author by a per-centage on the receipts of the house is one which, whilst it would benefit the writers of good pieces, could not but be productive of good to themselves. Under this system, less probably would be paid for a bad piece than at present; only the best and most attractive pieces would reap that bounteous reward which, whilst it filled the pockets of the author, would fill tenfold those of the manager. Is it not notorious that a popular piece enjoying a long run will make the fortune of a house?

Get a succession of such pieces, and there will be none of those long intervals of empty houses, none of that necessity for botching up a bad time by issuing an unlimited number of orders which now exists.

There are two new managements now in London, that at the Princess's and that at the Lyceum. These may possibly be not so wedded to old routine as to object to a change of system, especially if they can see in it a chance of success. Could not one or both of them try the other plan for a time? What that plan should be may best be told in the words of a French correspondent who communicates the terms of an organisation adopted at the Théâtre Français:

The author's portion of the gross receipts is to be 15 per cent. If one piece occupy the whole evening, as is frequently the case, the dramatist has that percentage to himself; when more than one is played, the authors divide the amount among them. Writers of two plays of equal length will get 7½ per cent. each, and so on, according to the number of acts in each production. The lowest portion is 3 per cent. Thus, when three pieces are played—one of four or five, another of three, and a third of one act—the author of the first will take 7 per cent., of the second 5, and of the third 3 per cent.

THE INGENIOUS ELDER who presides over All Souls' College, Oxford, has at all events studied casuistry to some purpose. Most of our readers are probably aware that until a very recent period of time this college had the reputation of being the pleasantest hostel in the good city of Oxford. In saying this we do not wish to detract from the well-earned fame of the Angel, Mitre, Star, or other inns for which Oxford is noted. Their viands and wines are doubtless excellent; but unfortunately the extent of consumption in them is measured by the length of the bill which the consumer must pay: whereas, could some errant citizen of the University once procure admission to the literary caravanserai, ye old All Souls' College, he must have been hard to please did he again leave it. University epicures all agree as to the excellence of its cuisine; and, thanks to the benevolence of by-gone worthies, its inmates might breakfast, dine, and sup to their heart's content without having to fear any future demand for payment. To be sure, the Fellows of All Souls' might not marry, but celibacy is not uncongenial to a good digestion, and these gentlemen had the happy lot of being obliged to attend to little else but their digestive functions. Undergraduates were, happily, an institution unknown at All Souls'; no noisy, graceless, stripling roysterer could possibly at midnight disturb the rosy slumbers of the Dean. The Fellows were not liable to have their leisure hours broken into by being summoned to sit in judgment on some youthful scapegrace, who scorned the restraints of gates and chapels; though possibly the use of a chapel, if not of a gate, was better known by hearsay than experience to the inmates of this Elysian literarium. But happiness in this world is after all only transitory. Here come the Oxford Commissioners, and venture to assert that even All Souls' College is not quite perfect in its present state. The Fellows wisely determine to throw overboard a very small portion of their treasure, in order to save the remainder. Two Chicheley professorships are founded out of the college funds; but, happily, these expansive funds can endure this partial curtailment without much difficulty. The Fellows, as before, are to be elected from the members of the other colleges; with this proviso, that they be all first-class men, and not, as before, of any or no class as seemed good to the Warden and majority of the Fellows. These first-class men are, such is the levelling tendency of this age, to be re-examined by the College before election to one of its Fellowships. Now the intention of the Commissioners was, in accordance with the new ordinances, that those candidates should be elected Fellows who showed themselves most competent in modern history and jurisprudence. This regulation was accepted by the Warden and Fellows; but, modern history and jurisprudence not necessarily converting their special devotees into gentlemen, it occurred to the Heads of All Souls' that it would be quite a work of supererogation to pay any attention to these new-fangled studies. We wish we could quote the masterly explanation which the Warden gives of his conduct; its ingenuous simplicity is worthy of all praise. In plain language he says that he must attend to the morals, the future prospects, the dress, and the convivial qualities of the candidates ere he looks into their knowledge of modern history or jurisprudence. Whether it be the case that the candidates who were well acquainted with modern history and jurisprudence were unfashionably-made trousers, and could not sing a good song, we know not; but certain it is that in nearly every case the Warden and majority of Fellows have utterly ignored the new statutes, and turned the examination into a farce. The three Fellows who appealed unsuccessfully to the Archbishop of Canterbury, and are now appealing to the Court of Queen's Bench, allow that the question of morals is the most important of all, but deny, we think rightly, that a knowledge of dress should supersede the knowledge of jurisprudence and civil law; in which two subjects candidates are, or ought to be, specially examined.

AT THE REQUEST OF TWO CORRESPONDENTS, we have two corrections to make. The first is explained by the following note:—

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CRITIC.

SIR,—I take the earliest opportunity of correcting an error which appeared in your impression of the 29th ult. In speaking of the report of the Dublin University Zoological and Botanical Association, it is stated, "reference was then made to the decease of William Bean, of Scarborough, a corresponding member well known as an ardent collector of British marine zoology." How

such a reference should have been made in that society's report, or how you should have given publicity to it without questioning its authenticity, I cannot conceive; but it is easy to imagine that such a statement, catching the eye of any of my father's numerous friends, has, naturally enough, caused them some anxiety. I beg that you will contradict this report by at once publishing this letter; for my father, I am happy to state, is at present alive and in good health, and, I sincerely trust, through God's mercy, will long continue so.—I am, Sir, yours, &c.

EUGENE BEAN.

York, Nov. 28.

We can but regret that we were unwittingly betrayed into this mistake by a report adopted from a Dublin paper. In recording the proceedings of foreign and provincial societies we are necessarily to a great extent dependent upon the reports which appear in other journals; and to undertake to verify every statement, as our correspondent suggests, would be an endless, and, in most cases, a needless task. The other error arose from a misprint in our notice of Mr. CURTIS's "School and College History" (*vide CRITIC* for Nov. 26, page 534), which made us represent Mr. CURTIS as a Roman Catholic—the fact being that he is not only a Protestant, but holds a responsible position in a well-known and most respectable Protestant society. Our meaning was that Mr. CURTIS's admission of the severe persecution of the Romanists under ELIZABETH was a piece of candour for which he deserved all the greater credit, inasmuch as he is *not* a Roman Catholic. It was the omission of this little word "not" that made all the difference.

THE LETTER by the "Author of *Olympia Morata*" has produced the following courteous reply from Mr. ADOLPHUS TROLLOPE, and we trust that the *amende* will be as satisfactory to the lady as it appears to be to us:

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CRITIC.

SIR,—I have seen in your columns a letter from the "Author of *Olympia Morata*," which seems to require in courtesy some answer from me. However

true it may be that the field of biography, like every other field of literary labour, is common property, I fully feel with your correspondent, and have before now felt it in my own case, that it is provoking that subsequent labourers should perhaps avail themselves of our more pioneering toils and then ignore them, or should, even if not availing themselves of them, still ignore them. In the present instance I am happy to be able so far to pour balm into the wound unwillingly caused by me, as may result from the assurance that the "success" of your correspondent's work on "*Olympia Morata*" was the cause of its remaining unnoticed by me. For what success is better than to be "out of print?"

I was directed—in default of such a "Catalogue of Current Literature" as your correspondent usefully suggests—by a note in M. Bonnet's work to a "*Times, Life, and Writings of Olympia Morata*," by the author of "*Selwyn*." I took a good deal of trouble to procure the book, without success. I discovered after a while that it was published by Smith and Elder. I ordered it of one of the largest second-hand booksellers in London, and was told in answer to my commission that the book was out of print, and not to be met with. Could I have obtained it, I should have freely used it, but not without due acknowledgment. I have never to this day seen it.

Hoping that my own book may shortly be as rare as that of your correspondent, I am, Sir, yours, &c.

T. ADOLPHUS TROLLOPE.

Florence, Nov. 24.

ANOTHER EXQUISITE LITTLE GEM lies before us, fit companion for the Christmas dainties which we have already acknowledged and described. It is entitled "*Shakespeare's Household Words: a Selection from the Wise Saws of the Immortal Bard*," illuminated by SAMUEL STANESBY, printed in colours by ASHBE and DANGERFIELD, and published by Messrs. GRIFFITH and FARRAN. A dainty little square duodecimo is this, full of familiar lines and quotations from the bard, arranged alphabetically, printed most exquisitely upon thickest possible paper, and surrounded as to the margin of each page with rich and tasteful traceries of gold and colours, such as the old monks loved to decorate withal their literary treasures. A very perfect and beautiful little book, fit to be the Christmas offering to

TITANIA OF QUEEN MAB.

ENGLISH LITERATURE.

SCHILLER.

Schiller's Life and Works. By EMIL PALLESKE. Translated by LADY WALLACE. 2 vols. London: Longmans.

WE MUST BRING a good deal of the recent Schiller enthusiasm if we are to read this work with interest or even with patience. Emil Pallese is an exceedingly prolix and clumsy writer. He has been at the pains to collect facts which previous biographers of Schiller had neglected; but this is the chief if not the only merit of the book. A perfectly honest man and a warm admirer of Schiller is Pallese; he has not, however, received from the gods the gift of lucid or living utterance. To say that these volumes are very wearisome is not enough; they are a spasm and splutter of incompetency. The translator is of a totally opposite opinion. How dreary must the pages be which she is in the habit of perusing if she deems friend Pallese charming! Schiller was the first German author with whom we ourselves were familiar, and therefore he has always been dear to our heart as well as to our mind. His loftiness without breadth or depth makes him a noble companion for the young. He enriched us with nothing, but he inspired and invigorated us. For any new detail, however insignificant, regarding this high priest of our youth, we should be most grateful. But it is not fresh incidents or characteristics to which Pallese introduces us. A large part of the first volume is memoirs of the Mannheim Greenroom, with occasional anecdotes of Schiller; and the whole lumbering production is simply memoirs of this or of that, with a glance now and then at Schiller's troubles or triumphs.

In many German matters, as perhaps in the normal German nature, there is an odd mixture of cloudland and coarseness. Over a revolting realism floats a haze which it would be wrong to call idealism. But it is often mistaken for idealism by the Germans themselves. In general Schiller was a pure idealist; but often he was a hazy and crazy pretender to idealistic grandeur, and sometimes he fell down from cloudland into the coarseness of his countrymen. It looks as if the German temper continually oscillated between a sausage and a shrine and spread the same mist of chaotic magniloquence over both, so that we cannot always distinguish between them. Where other nations refine, the Germans rarely—an entirely different process. The Germans can be half angels, but they cannot be gentlemen. They live in a world too small or in a world too big, and in moving from the one to the other they look monstrous in the fog or fall into the mire. The absurdities and anomalies of German life have been satirised by many a German pen; but it is impossible for a German eye to see those strange contrasts between the infinitely vague and the infinitely mean and common which characterise Germany. It is into the throng of such contrasts that Pallese drags us. Hideous squalors mingle with false splendors; we ascend from twaddle to moonshine; the chatter of Dame Quickly suddenly changes into the shriek of ghosts. While we are complaining of a childish sentimentalism which is continually vanishing into air, we are brought back to the most offensive sights and sounds and smells of a German kitchen or scullery. How are the Germans so dreamy, and yet so dull? How can they diversify the wildest rhapsody, the most inflated

bombast, the sickliest, emptiest declamation, no otherwise than by the most beggarly, bestial prose? The evil is wholly in the absence of massiveness, of manliness, of onrushing individuality. The animal being of the Germans is strong and greedy, grasps at the roughest and the readiest; but there is no potent imperial will.

Perhaps there are few more sensual nations than the German; while few nations are more passionless, unimpulsive, and irresolute. Great virtues demand a great scene; perfect art demands a great scene no less. Without political unity, without ennobling contact with the ocean—that mother of heroes—the Germans are limited to the home affections, to beer and tobacco, and to the petty interests of petty capitals. They subside into a quiet selfishness, a monotonous torpor, an uncomplaining servility. The fatalism which pervades the social and political existence of the Germans renders the biography of Germany's famous men insupportably tedious; for the power of biography to fascinate, to raise, and to rouse, consists in the picture which it offers us of the valiant individual contending with and vanquishing Destiny. But what in general do we behold in the career of Germany's immortal ones? An unresisting surrender to circumstances. And such craven flight from noble conflict is spoken of as æsthetic culture. So far has this gone, that German writers now seldom allude to a man except as a *personality*. This is almost worse than the Cockney transfiguration of a man into a *party*. Luther, we suppose, was an illustrious personality, not a mighty man. It would not be wrong to apply the ghastly, evaporating word to most of those arrayed before us in these volumes. We are dragged into a domain of frivolity, vulgarity, fatality, merest emptiness, from which we are glad to escape. We must not allow the Germans, and especially such an insignificant *personality* as Emil Pallese, to befoul us with sounding phrases. We must not allow the Germans to parade their defects as virtues. We must not allow the objects and worth of biography to be forgotten. Turn from from Schiller to Burns. Burns was born in the same year as Schiller. But while Schiller was dawdling away his days up to the time of his marriage, foolishly, fruitlessly, almost ignobly, Burns was guarding his independence as a sacred banner which could never be torn but by death from his grasp. Schiller was careless at whose expense he lived or how many debts he made. Burns, the kingly peasant, wished to owe everything to his own toil of muscle or of brain, and he felt debt as a sting, a stain, almost a guilt. Burns loved woman, if with volcanic fierceness, with godlike sincerity. Schiller, like a vain, overgrown, fantastic schoolboy, coquetted with all the women he met, without seeming to be able to give more than a lukewarm preference to any of them. Meanwhile there was abundance of fine discourse about the Ideal; but what right has a spiritless wretch to expatiate on the Ideal who is content to be a pensioner on the bounty of every casual acquaintance, and who owes twenty pounds to his tailor?

The French and the English Man of Letters has mainly been much more of a hero than the German. At the very moment that Goethe deemed it an honour to his genius to degrade himself into the lackey of a dismal, debauched court, Rousseau, crushed by old age, by disease, and by many sorrows and misfortunes, was gaining a livelihood

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hood by copying music. What a beautiful example of manliness has Béranger for the present generation been! And in the single John Wilson was there not more of vigour and valour than in all the men of letters put together that Germany can boast of?

We are disposed to deal tenderly with Schiller, who was intrinsically noble, and the strenuous labours and the divine aimings of whose maturer years amply atoned for his silly, chaotic, and wasted youth. But a man of letters should be more a man, not less a man, than his fellows. Moreover, we cannot grant what prosy Pallaske is so fond of propounding—that the true artist, poet, painter, or whatever else he may be, should be exclusively absorbed by art. The worshippers of Goethe have gone the length of asserting that he was justified in heartlessly jilting women, in systematically hardening himself into intensest egoism, in growing into a mere intellectual machine, if thereby he could be more accomplished as an artist. But what can highest art ever be, except the most perfect form of life? This is the Greek notion of art, and it is a notion to which the universal instincts of humanity respond. The Greek artist was pre-eminently the Greek citizen—a robust and hearty participator in all Greek affairs. No poets ever studied art so anxiously and so incessantly as Goethe and Schiller; and precisely because they studied art so pertinaciously are they as artists so inferior to the poets of Greece. Let the "Ivanhoe" of Scott and the "Harold" of Bulwer be compared. The former is far above the latter as a work of art; but Scott probably never devoted a thought to writing as an art, while Bulwer has made writing as an art his one object, his one ambition, and he would have written infinitely better if he had not tried to write so well. Shakespeare is unrivalled in poetic art, as he is unrivalled in poetic genius; but Shakespeare learned art, not in the closet, not in a miniature museum of curiosities and scientific trumpery, like the dilettante Goethe, but in the open book of nature, and in its most luminous page—the countenance of man. And Byron's school of art was a perpetual pilgrimage to the loveliest lands, to the sublimest scenes, to the many-coloured East. It is amusing to learn that Schiller received inspiration for his celebrated poem of the "Diver" from the sublime spectacle of a mill-dam which had been ruffled out of its usual equanimity! Schiller and Goethe had nature often on their lips; but nature in its freshness, fullness, fruitfulness and force, was wholly unknown to them. They were painfully self-conscious; as poets they could not create, because they were always thinking how the poet ought to create. Though Goethe and Schiller had wandered into such various fields, yet they had both only the lyrical gift. Schiller was neither a good historian, a good philosopher, a good dramatist, nor a good critic. It is, however, from his dramas that he has derived the most opulent part of his glory. Yet what have been called their beauties are nothing except exceedingly fine rhetoric. By rhetoric indeed, and often most bombastic rhetoric, is almost everything spoiled which he produced. Goethe's immense advantage over him was in being free from this rhetorical tendency.

Most English persons who learn the German language accept the German verdict on Goethe and Schiller. But Germany's real literary greatness is not in its greatest literary names. There may in Germany be said to be three kinds of literature, while England has only one. Germany has long had a rich popular literature; it has what may be denominated a scholastic literature, of unparalleled excellence; and it has a falsely classical literature, of which Goethe and Schiller are the primordial representatives. Germany's popular literature, in which all Luther's German works may be placed, has the profoundest interest, and we cannot know German character and German history without diligently studying it. Germany's scholastic literature, what Germany has added to the mighty sum of erudition, is the common treasure of grateful mankind. But the falsely classical literature is so artificial, so capriciously composite, so pretentious, and so unpatriotic, that the honest renown of Germany has seriously suffered through it. Goethe and Schiller are as pernicious to Germany as Corneille and Racine are to France. England can never suffer from a like misfortune. England's foremost writer is her most popular writer. His dramas were as much a popular entertainment as the games of Greece. Every attempt in England at a falsely classical literature has signally failed. After a brief imitation of French models, how England bounded back to the plenitude and pith of her own beloved singers and teachers! Not to speak of Shakespeare, England has many poets superior to Goethe and Schiller, many whom she is content to forget or neglect. In any case let us not be compelled both to read Schiller and Goethe and trashy books like this by Pallaske about them. The thing is becoming an intolerable nuisance. If the German drivellers are not smitten into silence, Goethe and Schiller will soon require the shelves of the vastest library to themselves. What shiploads of worthless gossip, and still more worthless criticism! An outcry was raised about Lord John Russell's "Life of Moore" as an insult to the living and an injury to the dead. But such a work is pardonable compared to hundreds to which the Goethe and Schiller mania has given birth. None of the chroniclers or critics will ever be able to go beyond Pallaske. As Richter was called the Unique, so the Unique will henceforth Pallaske be.

Forty or fifty years ago, there was a disposition in England to underrate certain famous German writers: now there is a disposition to overrate them. Such outpourings of imbecility as Pallaske's Biography of Schiller cannot fail to provoke what it has become the

cant to call a reaction; and when the reaction has had its full breath out German literature will begin to be studied in a truly critical spirit. Carlyle's judgments on Goethe and Schiller have no critical worth. They are the blind and bigoted eulogies of one who always exaggerates, and who perhaps never yet pronounced a thoroughly unprejudiced opinion. As to German literature generally, it is doubtful whether Carlyle's knowledge of it is very extensive, or goes beyond an acquaintance with a few of the magnates; but those who bow to his infallibility in so many things never venture to question his omniscience in German literature. Perhaps, however, a catholic but just appreciation of German literature is dependent on a regeneration of criticism in England altogether. Our criticism for some time has been a compound of rhapsody, jest, and sneer. Those great principles which elevate criticism to an equality with poetic creation have been dethroned by the anarchy of every hireling's spite, of every blockhead's praise, and of every sectarian's whim. In a calmer and a nobler hour than this, when readers have the courage to think instead of being the slaves of a favourite author or a favourite periodical, England will turn away from German mists to its own solid glories, and confess that as men Goethe and Schiller fell rather below mediocrity, and as authors rose little above it.

ATTICUS.

SAMUEL LOVER'S NEW VOLUME.

Metrical Tales and other Poems. By SAMUEL LOVER. (London: Houlston and Wright.) pp. 127.

FROM THAT INEXHAUSTIBLE WELL OF WIT, good feeling, and genuine poetry out of which Samuel Lover has already drawn such abundant outpourings, comes this refreshing stream of poesy and fancy, refreshing beyond all expression in these times when we have so many versifiers and so few true poets. And Lover is a true poet, a poet of the people, a poet who holds his place in his nation's heart, if ever there were one. Not his pretentious task of attempting great historical works of epic form and mighty swelling subjects. The simple ballad that brings pity to the heart and a tear to the eye, the quaint sketch that brings laughter to the lip of youth and makes even grave old age shake its sides, these are the means whereby Lover has won a popularity that sits now as gracefully upon him as ever, and which promises to endure as long as there are such things as love and fun and good feeling in the world. In the touching and most modestly expressed preface to this volume he himself says:

Even so these metrical tales are introduced to society; they affect not the majestic; they do not

In scepter'd pall come sweeping by;

they do not march in stately Iambic measure, but are content with the easy gait of the Anapestic; they are not gorgeously arrayed, neither web nor woof of their clothing being of golden thread or Tyrian dye; in short, like the lady in muslin, it is on their simplicity alone they must depend for any favour they may win.

This is very modestly put, and if it contain anything at all in contradiction of the book, it is the fault (if fault it be) not of the author, but of the publisher, who, instead of putting it forth in plain muslin, has contrived to attire it not only very gorgeously but very artistically, in all the luxuries of type, engraving, and paper, in cloth of Tyrian hue, and in gilt leaves, if not golden thread.

The compositions in this volume are just twelve in number, and are, as the preface expresses it, "a few simple stories in simple rhyme." When we glanced our eye over the index, we thought that Mr. Lover had adhered to Rory's philosophy of there being "luck in odd numbers" by giving us thirteen. A closer examination, however, proved our mistake; for we presently discovered that we had numbered the item "Notes" as a piece of poetry; whereupon it immediately occurred to us that Mr. Lover was far too good an Irishman to despise the old superstition about the danger of having the talismanic number in company. Strictly speaking, however, there are but three "metrical tales" in the volume (the others coming under the wider definition of "other poems"); so that, after all, we have an odd number, which is generally thought to be a lucky one. "The Fisherman," which begins the collection, is an incident from the life of a young Kerry fisherman, who eagerly desired to marry his sweetheart, but hesitated to do so through poverty. At last, when he had well-nigh come to his wits' end in devising schemes to remedy that evil, a storm arises, and he manages to secure in the way of salvage from a large ship a valuable cask of wine. To his modest ambition this seems a fortune, and he is conveying it ashore, made fast to his boat, when the wail of a drowning sailor reaches his ear. What shall he do? The happiness he has so long thirsted for is almost within his grasp, and duty calls upon him to relinquish the hope of it to save an unknown fellow-creature. His hesitation, however, is but for a moment, and he cuts his treasure adrift to save the drowning wretch. This was, indeed, as Lover very felicitously expresses it:

A victory more glorious than sword ever fought,
A victory o'er self, and a victory o'er love—
That passion all passions supremely above.

That this act of generous devotion did not go unrewarded, and that Donoghue did not lose his Peggy after all, every one will be rejoiced to hear:

High Heaven is not slow in rewarding the good :
When Dermot the drowning man saved from the flood,
How his heart in its generous virtue grew brave,
When he found 'twas his brother he'd snatch'd from the wave!
His brother—who long had been absent at sea
In a war-ship, and prize-money plenty made he;
The money was safe with the agent on shore—

The second tale, perhaps the best, is called "Father Roach." It is of a noble-minded priest to whom a crafty villain confessed that he had murdered his (the priest's) own brother, knowing that he would not dare to reveal the secrets of the Confessional, and believing that his regular confession to Father Roach would divert suspicion of the crime from himself. The priest, hard as his burden is to bear, conceals his knowledge of the crime, until one day the murderer unconsciously refers to it out of the confessional. Then the good priest, trammelled no longer by the oath of his ministry, denounces him, and drags the villain to justice. The following description of Father Roach himself seems admirable:

Father Roach was a good Irish priest,
Who stood in his stocking-feet six feet at least.
I don't mean to say he'd six feet in his stockings;
He only had two—so leave off with your mockings—
I know that you think I was making a blunder:
If Paddy says lightning, you think he means thunder:
So I'll say, in his boots, Father Roach stood to view
A fine comely man of six feet two.

And Father Roach had a very big stick,
Which could make very thin any crowd he found thick;
In a fair he would rush through the heat of the action,
And scatter, like chaff to the wind, ev'ry faction.
If the leaders escaped from the strong holy man,
He made sure to be down on the heads of the clan.
And the Blackfoot who courted each foeman's approach,
Faith, 'tis hot-foot he'd fly from the stout Father Roach.

Father Roach had a very big mouth,
For the brave broad brogue of the beautiful South;
In saying the mass, sure his fine voice was famous,
It would do your heart good just to hear his "Oremus."

There is a mixture of the humorous with the pathetic here which, though perfectly distinct in quality, reminds us of Tom Hood.

One more quotation from this delightful and beautiful volume, and we have done: it is from a serio-comic fable in verse, taken from one of Esop's, "versified and di-versified," and entitled "Love and Death:"

Cupid, one day, was surprised in a shower of rain,
(He's a delicate fellow);
So, for shelter, he ran to a shadowy grotto hard by,
For he had no umbrella.
He thought he might rest while the storm was in action, so he
Lapp'd one wing o'er his head,
The other he folded so nicely beneath him, and slept
On his own feather bed.
Oh Cupid! you stupid, what were you about
To lie down in that cave?
'Twas as good as a grave—
As he soon found out.

For the arch where the Archer reposed was the cavern of Death,
Who had stolen out, unknown,
To unfasten the portals of life with his skeleton keys,
In St. Mary-le-bone.
Soon he returned, and Love, waking, to see the grim king
With terror did shiver,
And, in a hurry arising, his arrows he dropt
In a quake from his quiver.
Oh Cupid! you stupid, 'twas silly to fly;
Death could not hurt you;
For love, when 'tis true,
It never can die!

Now the arrows of Death were all lying about on the ground,
And with Cupid's did mix,
And, ever since, Cupid and Death are unconsciously playing
Most unlucky tricks;
For Love, having gather'd some arrows of Death with his own,
Sometimes makes a hit
At the "gallery of beauty," but finds that his mistaken shaft
Drives some belle to "the pit."
Oh Cupid! you stupid, why spoil thus your quiver,
And send to the heart
Some poisonous dart,
That was meant for the liver?

And Death, as unconsciously shooting Love's arrows around,
To bring down the old ones,
Sees grandads and dowagers wondrously warm'd into love,
That he meant to be cold ones.
Oh! mischievous medley of Love and of Death—which is worse
(Tis a question perplexing)—
To be too young to die, or be too old to love?—both perverse,
Are confoundedly vexing.
Oh Cupid! how sadly grotesque is the view
Of white gloves and favours
To Death, for his labours,
And hat-bands to you!

Let the wine-cask be lost in the breakers' wild roar,
As the prize-money freely was shared with poor Dermot,
And Hymen gave thirsty young Cupid a permit,
For Peggy was married to brave Donoghue.
The loving, unselfish, and manly and true;
And, to end, as tales ended in my boyish day,
"If they did n't live happy, that you and I may!"

Which brought down the broad-shoulder'd boys to their knees,
As *away* as winter shakes leaves from the trees:—
But the rude blast of winter could never approach
The power of the sweet voice of good Father Roach.
Father Roach had a very big heart,
And "a way of his own," far surpassing all art;
His joke sometimes carried reproof to a clown;
He could chide with a smile—as the thistle sheds down.
He was simple, tho' sage—he was gentle, yet strong;
When he gave good advice, he ne'er made it too long.
But just roll'd it up like a snowball, and pelted
It into your ear—where, in softness, it melted.

The good Father's heart, in its unworldly blindness,
Overflowed with the milk of human kindness,
And he gave it so freely, the wonder was great
That it lasted so long—for, come early or late,
The unfortunate had it. Now some people deem
This milk is so precious, they keep it for cream;
But that's a mistake—for it spoils by degrees,
And, tho' exquisite milk, it makes very bad cheese.

And so, good-bye to Samuel Lover for the present. Long may he live to give us many more volumes whose pages shall be laden with the treasures of one of the most genial and at the same time gentle hearts that ever beat within human breast.

MR. THORNBURY IN SPAIN.

Life in Spain: past and present. By WALTER THORNBURY, author of "Every Man his own Trumpeter," &c. In 2 vols., with eight tinted engravings. London: Smith, Elder, and Co. 1859.

SO PRACTISED A WRITER and keen observer as Mr. Walter Thornbury could scarcely fail to make a pleasant book with Spain for his theme. We use the term "make" designedly, for we think it applies to the volumes before us; the greater part of which, as probably many of our readers know, has already appeared in a series of papers published from time to time in *Household Words*. It has long been our opinion that a literary work of any length suffers considerably from being written for publication in a serial form. No amount of revision and re-arrangement can, it appears to us, so unite and combine the *disjecta membra* of this kind of composition that their joints and fastenings will not be apparent to the reader. Each tale of literary bricks—sometimes made with, sometimes without, straw—seems fashioned of a different size, and from a different clay; and no amount of mortar can altogether fill up and conceal the interstices. We might complain, too, that in the present case Mr. Thornbury need never have gone out of England to have collected matter for some of his very best papers. To write such chapters as "Spanish Proverbs," "Spanish Ballads," "The Inquisition's Gala Day," "The Spain of Cervantes," and "The Spain of Gil Blas," &c., Mr. Thornbury need never have left his study; and as we have them in these pages he would have derived very much more assistance from a good English than a good Spanish library, if anything deserving the name of a good library is to be found throughout Spain. Surely the half-dozen pages of "Spanish proverbs" which Mr. Thornbury gives his readers are somewhat *de trop*, and might just as well have been allowed to remain in the Collection of Proverbs from whose pages they have probably been extracted. We are told by the writer that these pages have been revised and enlarged since they were published in *Household Words*; but we cannot consider such enlargement as we have just mentioned to be an improvement. We almost tremble when we think what Mr. Thornbury might have made out of Lope de Vega and his two thousand dramas. Despite Mr. Forde's dictum that a bull-fight is the hackneyed stock in trade of literary bagmen, we certainly cannot quarrel with the thirty pages which Mr. Thornbury has devoted to this topic: which, times out of number as it has been written about, is described *con amore*, with a graphic power and vividness such as we have scarcely seen equalled elsewhere. It is indeed only when Mr. Thornbury forgets that elaborate word-painting of which he is so complete a master that he does himself thorough justice, and then he writes as few living English writers do. And here perhaps we may not inappropriately make a few remarks on that word-painting which, as we just hinted, the writer of the volumes before us employs so constantly, and indeed so skillfully. We know that by many persons this art is considered as entitling its possessor to almost the highest rank in authorship: with this we cannot agree, any more than with the dictum which lately pronounced it to be "the worst of modern literary inventions." That it is an invention indeed, and not a natural gift, is tolerably plain from the fact that it is daily coming more and more into use among a certain class of writers, some of whom possess little else than this art. Mr. Thornbury is indeed a writer of very different calibre from these latter; but we are forced to own, even from his pages, that we may have too much of a good thing. Coleridge has told us that "words in prose ought to express the intended meaning; if they attract attention to themselves, it is a fault. In the very best styles, as Southey's, you read page after page without noticing the medium." This is perhaps somewhat too sweeping; but if anything could make us accept this saying in its entirety, it certainly would be the modern practice of word-painting. Perhaps, too, one of the worst traits of this "invention" is, that it almost always leads those who use it to employ similes and metaphors, *usque ad nauseam*. We will take a few instances from these volumes just to explain what we mean. A Spanish boy who sells fuses and begs is "a human flea;" when a donkey brays, he "practises dreadful octaves;" tobacco is "a Christian martyr, most lovely when burning;" a reserved person is "a strange snail of a man;" sweetbreads are described as being "the exact colour of a new-laid gravel;" melons are "pot-bellied and toad-speckled;" if a thirsty soul drinks beer once or twice, he has "recurrent glasses;" echoes "scurry onward;" a clubhouse hotel just before dinner is "like one immense boiling pot," &c. &c. We think we can see how the word-painting writer comes to indulge in such monstrosities as these. In his desire to represent an object so plainly that his readers may be spared all trouble in picturing it to themselves he looks out for some striking epithet or other: a monosyllabic adjective, however forcible, may from its very smallness be passed over; a dissyllabic, &c., is better, and as such sesquipedalian words are not always forthcoming, half-a-dozen of average size must be employed; and thus perhaps, to use the words of the authors of "Guesses at Truth," speaking of the misuse of epithets, "many writers cram their thoughts into what might not inappropriately be called a featherbed of words." Writers who are skilful enough to word-paint in any perfection are

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doubtless also far too skilful to indulge in the use of otiose epithets; but word-painting and epithet-using probably spring from one and the same source, viz., the desire to spare the reader all mental exertion. This desire, however benevolent, we regard as founded in a mistake, since it may be questioned whether one book really worth reading has ever yet been written such as not to require for its due comprehension a certain amount of mental exertion from the great majority of readers.

"Cælum non animum mutant qui trans mare currunt;" and Mr. Thornbury seems to have quite a Johnsonian love for Fleet-street. The Spanish *café* makes him regretfully think of "the cosy sawdusted London tavern with the snug fire, talkative kettle, and the perpetual series of Edward, pay one," &c. &c. The slim, brown-skinned Spanish waiter, not prone to over-exert himself, reminds our traveller of the English serving fraternity with "black overcoats, white waistcoats, and clerical ties." Suffering from a toothache in Seville, he sees in his mind's eye "a sudden fog of Fleet-street thickness rising over things, like the gauze veils in the solemn part of a pantomime introduction;" and a Seville summer sun brings to his memory regretful thoughts of a walk in July on the shady side of Fleet-street. From these and other indications we are inclined to think that our traveller reserved the task of elaborating and word-painting his note-book until he returned to the vicinity of his favourite Fleet-street. For our own part, knowing something of the extreme heat of a southern Spanish summer, even in localities tempered by breezes from the sea or the mountains, we confess we admire the indefatigable industry which made Mr. Thornbury so diligent an observer of all things noteworthy. We give a short extract from Mr. Thornbury's description of a bull-fight at Malaga:

Taurus gored and floored everything, drove one picador in a bruised ruin, with a smashing thump, against the barrier, to which he clung; ripped up a ghastly one-eyed brown horse, whose sight had been bandaged to prevent its shunning the charge; all but pinned a chulo; broke down in a stubborn squelting leap the top plank of the barrier; and, finally, to crown all his honours, tossed a picador, and, after many strokes of his horns, which clicked against his iron-guarded leg, ended by simply tearing his costly jacket in the left shoulder. As for the horse, I dared not look at it; but I saw something on the sand that looked like trays of butchers' meat that had been upset. There was a jet of blood, a gush, a flooding—so died three horses, with a drunken, blind stagger, a flicker, a kick, and then death. Three times the thundering ferocious giant leaped on the barriers with unreasoning strength. It goes another horse under the left leg; it tears about purposeless, helpless, in short spurts of mad, firework rage—a grand type of blind passion, fiery life, and brute power, it pounds along, a chulo's red cloak trailing from his horn. There are great raw spots of gore on him, and one of his horns is broken by striking at one of the stone supports of the barriers. A fat tradesman next us, with four feet of red scarf round his bowels, gets very hot, crying "Bravo, Toro!" This bull is decidedly a game bull, a sort of hero, who will die surrounded by his dead enemies, which to the bovine and even to the rough human mind has before this been a satisfaction. The cigars are working in short excited puffs, with much blue sacrificial incense-smoke; and the barefooted attendants are busy stuffing tow, trying to plug a horse's chest, like ship-carpenters intent on stopping a shot-hole.

Notwithstanding the preliminary objection which we took to Mr. Thornbury's style—and it is quite possible that many persons will regard this as a grace rather than a defect—we may, on the whole, heartily recommend these volumes to such of our readers as have not seen the greater part of their contents in *Household Words*. Those who have before read these papers will, we think, allow that they are quite worthy of being rescued from the pages of the periodical in which they first appeared. "The Spain of Cervantes and the Spain of Gil Blas" is to our minds an essay of very uncommon excellence; and those readers who like something more lively will be amused, if not edified, by the conversation of those smart young officers, Messrs. Spanker and Driver. We must admit that, good fellows as they are, their talk is somewhat too slangy for our taste; and we should not have objected had such phrases as "like blazes," "bobbish," "drunky," "shut up," "bloke," &c., been translated into more vernacular English.

On the whole, if there is something to find fault with in these volumes, there is much more to praise.

AN ACTOR'S EXPERIENCES.

Leaves from an Actor's Note-Book; with Reminiscences and Chit-Chat of the Green-Room and the Stage, in England and America. By GEORGE VANDENHOFF. New York: D. Appleton and Co. London: Triibner and Co. pp. 347.

ALMOST INVARIABLY there is something particularly offensive in a man parading his own memoirs and reminiscences before the world. In the first place the assurance which must be felt that the world will think such confidences worth reading is itself a piece of egotism only to be excused by great and sterling merit. Besides that, it is impossible to write a work of this kind without bringing in the names of other persons, and almost impossible to avoid disclosing respecting them a great number of things which they would rather have left in oblivion. When these objections become intensified by the presence of a superhuman amount of conceit, and of an uncommon disregard for the delicacies of life and the feelings of other people—as in the case of the book before us—it becomes necessary for the critic to mince no words in declaring such a production to be a scandal and an offence to literature.

Mr. George Vandenhoff's account of himself is, that he is the son of Mr. John Vandenhoff, who has been long and well known in this country as an admirable actor, and as a gentleman who never

degraded his profession, but was, on the contrary, a continual glory and ornament to it. George, the son, was brought up to the profession of the law, and had attained the very respectable position of solicitor to the Liverpool Dock Trust, when a sudden freak (he very plainly hints that it arose from a disappointment in love) induced him to throw aside his profession and go upon the stage. Owing in some degree to his natural gifts, and to a still greater extent to his histrionic descent, Mr. Vandenhoff experienced none of those difficulties in getting a good position on the stage which usually beset the career of less fortunate aspirants. Travelling up to London by express, he presented himself to Mme. Vestris, who then managed Covent Garden Theatre, and was at once engaged at a salary of eight pounds per week. Taking his own account of his reception by Mme. Vestris, it must have been far more courteously considerate than an applicant who had to begin by confessing his total inexperience had a right to expect; and this Mr. Vandenhoff requites by raking up against the poor woman all the dirty scandals, filthy innuendoes, and obscene stories which have been dragged about the *coulisses* these years past. "Her temper," he tells us "*(comme son haleine, selon ce que l'on disait)* was none of the sweetest;" but he admits that her "taste, tact, and judgment were almost equal to her fickleness, luxury, and extravagance."

She was when Mathews married her (1837-8) already in the "sere," with a good deal of the "yellow leaf" visible; that is, when the *blanc* and *rouge* were off, and allowed

The native hue and colour

of her cheeks to be seen. She had run through a great variety of fortunes, principally those of foolish young lords, fast young guardsmen, and some hoary old sinners; she was the *Ninon de l'Enfer* of her day, less the piquancy and *delicatesse d'esprit* of the French *Lais*; she was accomplished, though ignorant (a duplex "effect defective" by no means uncommon on the stage, or off it either); she had commenced her theatrical career with *éclat* as an Italian opera singer; she had afterwards played at Paris in French comedy; and had latterly, for many years, been a standing favourite in the English theatres, in characters requiring a certain *espégle*, nearly allied to effrontery, together with fair musical capabilities—the *soubrette chantante*, in fine. Her speciality had been what are technically called *breeches parts*, from their requiring a lady to invest herself in mannish integuments. . . . That day, with its triumphs, its intrigues, its conquests, its "Handsome Jacks," its "Lord Edwards," and "Honourable Horatios," was nearly past; the setting sun was tinging it with its long slanting beams, and charms and popularity were fast fading away. Changing the name of *Chloris* to *Vestris*, the lines of the old French poet, Chaulieu, exactly fitted her:

Chloris par mille cosmétiques
Veut couvrir ses rides antiques,
Et resusciter ses attraits;
Mais c'est en vain qu'elle s'abuse,
Ni le carmin, ni la ceruse
Ne la rejeuniront jamais!"

Could anything be more abominably vulgar than this? But few who have the inconvenient honour of being mentioned by Mr. Vandenhoff escape scot free. Thus we are told that the late Town Clerk of Liverpool took to drinking; that Rachel was no better than she should be; and that Mrs. Jordan had a sort of morganatic arrangement with the Duke of Clarence, of which one of the results was Lord Adolphus Fitzclarence—"Dolly Fitz, as he was familiarly called." To which interesting piece of information Mr. Vandenhoff adds, in a mock pathetic strain, "Poor Lord Adolphus! he had not a strong head, but a good heart. He died about a year ago." So he did; but that is no reason why Mr. Vandenhoff should befool his tomb. Instances of this offensive indelicacy abound everywhere in the book. The relations between a late Earl and an actress since raised to the peerage by marriage are dwelt upon in a manner which becomes even dastardly when we remember that the lady is still alive; and when he steps out of the way to whisper in our ear that "there was a fair lady, who figured annually in the Christmas pantomimes as Columbine, Miss F—, much admired for the classic contour of her face and the elegance of her form," and that "she has for many years been withdrawn from the stage, and lives under the protection of his Royal Highness the Duke of —," the thin veil of secrecy affected seems to add a grosser indelicacy to the impertinence.

Gratifying as it may be to the friends of Mr. Farren to know that he is nick-named "the Cock Salmon" in the profession, and to the acquaintances of Mr. Howe to be told that he is recognised as "the Quaker," we really do not see what the public has to do with such trivialities. The landlord of the Sandrock Hotel, in the Isle of Wight, will probably be very glad to hear that his house and the entertainment which it afforded gave satisfaction to Mr. Vandenhoff; but the young lady who happened to be staying there during his visit, and who was "travelling under the highly romantic name of Mrs. Brown, her *compagnon de voyage* being a gentleman who temporarily sported that distinguished and unidentifiable cognomen" will scarcely be ing complimented at find a full catalogue of her personal charms in Mr. Vandenhoff's book, even when accompanied by an admission that she was "the finest woman he ever saw in his life."

But if Mr. Vandenhoff's ill word is harmful, it must be admitted that his good word is not much better. One of his prime favourites appears to have been Lady Boothby, formerly Mrs. Nisbett, whose inner life he treats with his accustomed freedom. Upon the subject of her charms and of her laugh he is especially enthusiastic, eulogising the latter in a ridiculous strain of bombast and stilted nonsense.

Her laugh was a peal of music; it came from her heart, and went direct to yours; nothing could resist it; it was contagious as a fever, catching as a fire, flashing as the lightning! An anchorite would have joined in it, without asking why; St. Anthony himself would have chuckled in accord with her, had he heard its silver echo in the wilderness! It was as merry as joy-bells for a wedding; as exciting to the nerves as sleigh-bells on a frosty morning, when the

bright sun glitters on the crisp snow which crackles beneath the horse's feet; it would "create a soul in the ribs of death!" At its sound the hypochondriac forgot his griefs; and thick-blooded, lymphatic dullards, impregnable in Boeotian inertness,—

That will not smile,
Though Nestor swear the jest be laughable,

would be roused to a spasmodic action of the cachinatory muscles, by the electric battery of Nisbett's thrilling mirth. I have seen her set a whole theatre, when the audience seemed unusually immovable, in a delirium of gaiety, by the mere contagion of her ringing laugh, gurgling at first like the throat of a canary-bird, swelling with unuttered song; anon, growing into full, firm tones, like the blackbird's notes; anon, clear and sparkling like the trill of the lark; then gradually subsiding to a muffled cadence, only to burst out again into stronger, louder, but still musical gushings of irrepressible melody, running through the whole diatonic scale of *Ha-ha-ha!* till every soul in the house felt the spell, gave themselves up to its influence, and joined in a universal laughing chorus!

Vanity the grossest, combined with fatuity the most absolute, appears to pervade almost every opinion which Mr. Vandenhoff has formed respecting matters belonging to his profession. For Mr. Macready he certainly appears to entertain a modified respect, though it is by no means clear whether he does not hold him to be infinitely inferior to Mr. George Vandenhoff. Of the performances of Emil Devrient, the great German actor, he speaks patronisingly as "not without merit;" whilst he falls into raptures about the "great literary merit" of a "piece by Chorley (Mrs. Hemans's biographer, and the musical critic of the *Athenæum*)," though fain to confess, in the same breath, that it was "hissed on the second night." Of his own performances he is contented to adopt the most nauseatingly approbatory notices that he can cull from such eminent and judicious authorities as *Porter's New York Spirit of the Times*, and the *English Sunday Times*. As the only value of such a book must depend upon its accurate narration of facts we naturally try Mr. Vandenhoff's performance by this test—and find it lamentably wanting. He scarcely ever makes a statement that does not contain some inaccuracy. In the anecdote related of Madame Vestris (p. 72) a capital blunder is committed by introducing Mrs. Humby into the conversation, and making her interlocutors Mrs. Glover and Mrs. Orger. The real actors in the scene were Mrs. Glover and Mrs. Macnamara. Again, Mrs. Glover did not appear at her farewell benefit as *Mrs. Heidelberg*, but as *Mrs. Maluprop*. Nor did Mr. Harley die in Harley-street, but in Gower-street. Blunders like these abound through the volume.

As there is nothing so bad but it has some redeeming quality, it would be unjust to deny that this volume has a few anecdotes which will be of interest to those who are curious about stage matters. Such plums, however, are few and far between, and are so mixed up with the unpleasant materials which we have referred to, that it becomes a question whether they are worth the trouble of picking out.

Mr. Vandenhoff concludes his book by advising all young persons who have a desire to go upon the stage, not to do so. Certainly, if a theatrical career have a tendency to develop human weaknesses in the manner displayed by Mr. Vandenhoff—if it be likely to destroy the taste, pervert the understanding, and thicken the moral skin to the extent of which this book is too convincing a proof—this piece of advice is perhaps the only really good thing which its pages contain.

SIR HENRY LAWRENCE'S ESSAYS.

Essays, Military and Political, written in India. By the late Sir HENRY MONTGOMERY LAWRENCE, K.C.B., Chief Commissioner in Oude, and Provisional Governor-General of India. London: Wm. H. Allen and Co. 1859. pp. 483.

THIS VOLUME comprises six essays reprinted from the *Calcutta Review*, and written by Sir Henry Lawrence at various periods of time extending over nearly twelve years. They are well worthy of preservation for several reasons, as containing the matured deliberations and suggestions of a statesman and soldier who was not less sagacious than loyal and disinterested; as being throughout written with a modest firmness and chivalrous courtesy, which some modern reformers would do well to imitate when dealing with persons who venture to differ from them; and also as being composed in a style admirably clear and concise. This latter remark applies principally to the earlier essays in this volume; and, indeed, notwithstanding some occasional marks of haste in the concluding papers, most readers will admit that Sir Henry handled the pen not less deftly than he did the sword. Strategical skill and uncommon powers of authorship have been not seldom found united in the same person, both before and since the time of Julius Cæsar; and though we do not pretend to compare Sir Henry Lawrence to the great Roman, either as a strategist or an author, we cannot help expressing our admiration at the almost military clearness and precision with which the Indian General comes to the point, and the chivalrous courtesy which he invariably shows towards those persons who differ from him. Periodical writing, however excellent, must generally display tokens, more or less, of haste; but Sir Henry seems to have as great a distaste for slovenly-turned sentences and unmeaning epithets as he had for troopers who could not ride, and infantry soldiers who could not march in line. Sir Henry's style being, as we have hinted, so clear and concise, we consider it almost a pity that the constantly-recurring Hindustani terms to be found in these pages were not explained in brief footnotes. Notwithstanding that many an oriental phrase and word, which otherwise we should not have cared to learn, has been taught to not a few of us, in vivid characters of blood—notwithstanding that tearful eyes so often, but a few short months ago, explored the pages

of some Indian hand-book or lexicon, to learn how some unaccountable-looking word, some strange-sounding orientalism, threw light upon the fate or fortunes of sons or brothers lost or despaired of—the majority of Englishmen have probably yet to learn the A. B. C. of Indian customs and phrases.

Of course it must be expected that many of the improvements and reforms suggested in these pages are not applicable to the present state of Indian affairs. A new order of things has taken the place of the old; but we cannot help thinking that had Sir Henry Lawrence's advice been adopted, wholly or in a modified form, that new order might have been inaugurated without the fearful baptism of bloodshed which signalled its birth. All throughout these essays—from the earliest written in 1844 to the latest in 1856—are earnest and precise warnings that the storm was coming, nay, was even close at hand; and means for wholly averting, or at least greatly subduing it, are pointed out with a constant and forcible iteration which shows how clearly the great Indian statesman discerned the signs of the times. The coming tribulation was predicted in no vain wordy jargon which might mean everything or nothing, in no Pythian versicle which provided for every contingency; and as we read these pages to-day we wonder at the folly and blindness which took no heed of the warning words uttered and re-uttered so often by an Indian statesman and soldier of the highest repute and authority. The cry for vengeance on the guilty and on the careless has now passed away; but it behoves our rulers so to act that all opportunity for a repetition of such guilt and carelessness be for ever taken away. We have still and ever must have an Indian army, so long as we hope to retain our Eastern empire; and, as Sir Henry Lawrence unceasingly maintained, this army must derive its main strength not from its numbers, but from its efficiency. Roads and railways, an efficient army, a well-regulated system of finance, and justice and honesty on the part of the government towards the governed, will preserve India to us, as long as India may be preserved. We have said that the warnings of the coming dangers are frequently and authoritatively repeated throughout these pages; and as time advances, they become louder and more distinct. In the very earliest written of all the essays in this collection we are told:

There is no doubt that, whatever danger may threaten us in India, the greatest is from our own troops. We should, therefore, while giving no cause of discontent—while paying them well, and regularly providing for them in their old age—while opening a wide field for legitimate ambition, and rewarding, with promotion, medals, jagheers, gallantry and devotion—abstain from indiscriminately heaping such rewards upon men undeserving of them; and we should at all times carefully avoid giving anything or doing anything, under an appearance of coercion, on the demand of the soldiery. The corps that under General Pollock misbehaved at Peshawur should at least have been denied medals. Had they been so, possibly we should have been spared late events on the N. W. frontier and in Scinde; and we should remember that every officer is not fitted for command, much less to command soldiers of a different religion and country; and that where, as has repeatedly of late years been shown, regiments were found to be going wrong through the weakness or the tyranny of their commanders—it matters not whether from too much strictness or too little—full inquiry should at once be made and remedial measures instituted. If commanders cannot manage their regiments, they should be removed from them, and that quickly, before their corps are irremediably destroyed. How much better would it be to pension, and to send to England, such men as we have in command of some corps, than to allow them to remain a day at the head of a regiment to set a bad example to their men. We could, at this moment, point out more than one commander answering our description; and we would seriously call the attention of those in high places to the injury that even one such officer may commit. He may drive a thousand men into discontent, and that thousand may corrupt many thousands—and all this may be done by a man without any positive evil in him; but simply because he is not a soldier, has not the feelings of a soldier—frets the men one day, neglects them the next—and is known by them all to care for nothing beyond his personal interests and his own *hisab-kitab*.

Though we doubt whether red-tape is always, to use an Hibernianism, quite as black as it is painted, there is a very remarkable example of its working given in page 465, in Sir H. Lawrence's latest published essay: where, of course—just as after the Crimean war Lucans and Cardigans, *et hoc genus omne*, bore away the rewards—the gentleman who saved many lives without waiting for permission to do so until no lives remained to be saved was passed over, nay, actually punished, by the conscientious circumlocutionist whose red-tape fetish was outraged. If Dr. John Murray of Agra be still alive—which we most heartily trust is the case—and if the Auditor-General who "deducted the Doctor's horse-artillery pay" (we suppose as the reward of that gentleman's noble heroism), "and refused to pass his field surgeoey allowance on account of some informality," be also in the land of the living—about which we care nothing whatever—we hope that each of these two gentlemen will see this volume; the former in order that he may know that a most noble episode in his career has found a *vates sacer* in Sir Henry Lawrence, and the latter that he may if possible be converted from the error of his ways, and happily come at length to think that red-tape, be it ever so new, so well-coloured, and so starched, is after all not quite so valuable as human flesh and blood.

A MISSIONARY TO THE CANNIBALS.

The Life of John Hunt, Missionary to the Cannibals. By GEORGE STRINGER ROWE. London: Hamilton, Adams, and Co.

THE LIFE OF JOHN HUNT comes to us as an appropriate supplement to the two volumes on "Fiji and the Fijians," by Messrs. Williams and Calvert, which met with such a hearty welcome on all sides at the time of their publication. Those volumes treated of the islands and their inhabitants generally, and gave a

history of the Wesleyan Mission there from its commencement downwards. The present work records the labours and experience of an individual missionary in the same group of islands, and fills up some of the lacunæ left by its predecessors.

We have often noticed that there is in the life of almost every missionary to the heathen a peculiar energy, of character that seems to separate him from the stay-at-home clergyman or minister—as witness the Martyns, and Careys, and Williamsses, and Moffats, and lastly, our David Livingstone, of whom we are all so justly proud. And so it was with the subject of this memoir, who, from being a farm servant, with little or no schoolboy education, was thought worthy by the religious community to which he belonged, that of the Wesleyan Methodists, to be sent to one of their seminaries, and there he trained in sound learning—that is, in theology and Latin and Greek—to qualify him as a missionary to whatever quarter of the globe it might please his spiritual pastors and masters to send him.

It is hard for those who have had every advantage in the way of acquiring knowledge, from the cradle to the public school and university, to realise the difficulties those have to contend with whose lot has been different, and who find themselves suddenly called from a life of manual toil to one of hard mental study, in which if they do not quit themselves aright, all their dearest hopes may be blasted for ever. Few can go through such an ordeal. John Hunt, however, was one of the few. Of his early life it will be sufficient to say that, born in 1812, of lowly parentage, he became impressed with a deep sense of religion when about sixteen years of age and a simple ploughboy; was noticed for his piety by one of his employers, who urged him to take a part in the religious exercises of the “people called Methodists;” that in process of time he became a local preacher in “the Connection;” and was finally transferred to the Wesleyan training college at Hoxton, to fit him for the career of a missionary in foreign parts. Hunt was in his twenty-fourth year when he began this training, and acquitted himself so well that, on the 29th of April 1838, he set sail for Sydney as one of the accredited missionaries to the Fiji Islands from the great Wesleyan Missionary Society whose head quarters are in London, where it holds an annual demonstration in Exeter Hall in the month of May.

This body of religious is very particular in the choice of their agents, and they were not disappointed in the case of Mr. Hunt. To great powers of physical endurance he added that quality of self-denial without which a missionary is nothing worth. Going to such an outlying group of islands as the Fiji cannibal cluster, he literally went with his life in his hands, and not only his own, but that of his wife, who accompanied him. There was not much danger personally to be apprehended at the first station in Fiji, where Mr. Hunt landed on the 22nd of Dec. 1838, namely at Lakemba, where a mission had been established about three years previously, under the direction of the Rev. David Cargill; but it was soon decided that the new missionary should replace a Mr. Cross, who was invalided, at Rewa, on the island of Viti Levu, the furthestmost of the group. For this station Mr. and Mrs. Hunt accordingly sailed on the 3rd of Jan. 1839, arriving in the Rewa roads by the “*Letitia*” on the 7th. And here it was that their missionary life properly began. The appearance of the place and its first impressions are thus described.

Our anchorage, says Mr. Hunt, was about five or six miles from the Mission Station, our way to which was up a most beautiful river, said to be more than one hundred miles long. The island looked exceedingly lovely as we sailed along the winding stream. Nature all appeared charming till we saw the masterpiece, man; and a sight, and especially the first sight, of a Fijian is very appalling. The people were much surprised to see us come, and stood, nearly naked, staring and shouting with astonishment as we passed. Mrs. Hunt especially was an object of wonder, as many of the natives had only seen one white woman before.

It was some consolation to the newly-arrived missionaries to find that Mr. Cross's health was so far established that he proposed to remain with them, at least for a time. The King of Rewa also received them kindly. Soon, however, “frightful accounts of cruelty, butchery, and cannibalism reached the station or came under the actual observation of the missionaries, proving that, much as they had heard, the half of Fiji's horrors had not been told.” Notwithstanding the nominal protection of the King, they found themselves surrounded by people who had literally no regard for human life. Nothing daunted, however, Mr. Hunt set himself diligently to work to learn the language of the natives, and being eminently successful in his endeavours, he preached both to chiefs and people “the better way” of Christianity, slowly making converts. But as his power of speech increased, so did the number of those converted. To follow him from island to island in his various missionary tours would carry us too far. Neither have we space to dwell upon the numerous “hair-breadth escapes” that he had in the exercise of his vocation. Surrounded by cannibals, whenever he interfered with their festive enjoyments, it was at the risk of himself or his wife becoming their victims. At one time sixteen of the wives of the heir apparent of the King of Somosomo were sacrificed to accompany the spirit of that polygamous young prince into the world of spirits, and it was all in vain that the missionaries protested against it. They were all strangled. “We were obliged to be in the midst of it; and truly their cries and wailings were awful. Soon after they were murdered, they were brought to be buried about twenty yards from our house.” On another occasion, at the same place, eleven dead men were dragged just in front of the Mission House. “They had been killed at Lawthala, a neighbouring town, to avenge the murder

of a Somosoman by some of the inhabitants. They were all cooked and eaten; and when so disposed of, the savage nature of the population appeared to be so much roused that some of them wished to get up a quarrel against the missionaries as well, to prolong the festivity. The latter were for a long time without food, and applied for it in vain to the King, who used to reply, “Jehovah may give you a pig.” At length, however, he relented, and not only gave them what they required, but was himself eventually converted to Christianity. In another part we are told that the cannibal feasts, with their cooking apparatus, were so offensive to the nostrils of our poor missionaries, that they were obliged to keep their windows and doors closed against the effluvia—a measure which very nearly cost them their own lives. Such was the condition of the savage Fijians during the time that Mr. Hunt laboured to disseminate among them the beneficent truths of Christianity. Not in vain, however; for, although he died in 1848, a victim to the climate and his own hard labours “in season and out of season,” he had the consolation to know that he left behind him a large body of converts, for whose benefit he had translated the entire New Testament and part of the Old into the Fijian language. Dying at the early age of thirty-six, of whom can it be said, even among our most devoted missionaries, that they have endured and achieved so much?

THE FATE OF THE FRIENDS.

A Fallen Faith: being a Historical, Religious, and Socio-political Sketch of the Society of Friends. By EDGAR SHEPPARD, M.D., Licentiate of the Royal College of Physicians, and Fellow of the Royal College of Surgeons. London: Piper, Stephenson, and Spence. pp. 256. 1859.

TWO HUNDRED GUINEAS—even in these days, when a guinea is but a *nomius umbra*, whose total amount, we are told by grumbling fund-holders, purchases less and less yearly,—is still a goodly sum; but it can scarcely restore to its pristine vigour, or indeed to any vigour at all, a sect so surely and so swiftly decaying as that of the Society of Friends. Not that we, for our part, feel much, or indeed any, pleasure in this Quaker decay. Quakerism can scarcely at present be called a nuisance; but it is certainly a stop-gap in the way of civilisation. Nevertheless, as matters are now advancing, or are likely to advance for some considerable time, we must consider Quakerism as but a very small stop-gap, and an infinitesimal nuisance. Let us do a good many things ere we attack Quakerism. Let us drain London, and take means to prevent its corporation from necessarily being the laughing-stock of the nation; let us introduce gradual but thorough reforms into our universities; let us establish some means of preventing the grossest and most palpable forms of bribery; let us bring about these and a good many other reforms, of small importance in themselves singly, but of vast influence in their collective force—and then let us send out our missionaries to attack that minor nuisance, Quakerism. When all these preliminary reforms that we have suggested will take place we know not, neither do we pretend to prophesy; but long before that time we are quite sure that Quakerism will have disappeared from off the face of the earth, or will only be represented by some ill-dressed portly pensioners, who find their creed more profitable than labour; when the drawbacks to that creed are simply an exceedingly ugly garb, and some supposed statutory observances which the disciples may or may not observe as they choose; and when its solaces are a good fat annual fee, which has been bequeathed by members of the society whose fondness for their sect outran their logic, and who considered that the most effectual method of conversion was by arguments addressed rather to the paunch than to the pate. As we said before, let us get rid of our great nuisances ere we attack such a minor deformity as Quakerism. The former will still, we are afraid, be rife and rampant when the latter will have vanished, and left not a wrack behind.

Turning to the volume before us, we can on the whole speak very favourably of it. The author's chief fault is a want of clear and efficient arrangement; he has read all and even more than all the popular books on Quakerism; but he has scarcely digested the matter sufficiently—that is, we have a series of short essays or themes, each argued clearly and logically, but having little logical sequence or coherency. At the same time, we ought to add in justice to the author, that if his be one of the unsuccessful essays, the two that carried off the prize ought to be of a somewhat rare excellence. The following extract completely explains, we think, the reason why this essay has been unsuccessful: “The author has felt that the bearings of that singular Eclecticism named the Society of Friends are so multiform, and extend their ramifications into so many matters and principles, not ordinarily recognised as influencing religious creeds, that he has preferred the course here alluded to and adopted. Moreover, such a mode of treatment is in accordance with the habits of his own mind.” The interpretation of the latter part of the preceding sentence (after a tolerably careful perusal of the volume before us) we take to be as follows:—The author knew something about the Society of Friends, and determined to write for one of the prizes offered. His essay increased commensurately with his reading; and, having divided his subject somewhat arbitrarily into eight heads, he discourses upon each of them rather in proportion to the amount of his somewhat discursive reading than according to the relative importance of that particular head. Still we may allow that in his short themes he argues logically enough; and that, on the whole, his essay is well worth

reading, though his almost countless quotations and footnotes distract and draw off the attention rather unpleasantly from the text.

The causes of the decay of the Quaker sect are obvious enough, and we think this decay is irremediable. Among these causes we may perhaps give some prominence to the following.

Firstly, that among the Quakers precedence is given to the "inward testimony of the Spirit" and not to the "revealed Scriptures." Secondly, the rejection of an organised and paid ministry. Thirdly, the obstructive character of the Society's socio-political relationship to the world. Fourthly, the very exclusive character of the Society. We might also assign several other causes, and even divide the quartet we have given above into almost as many heads as ancient Covenanting divines did their sermons. For instance, in summing up the obstructive items which impede the socio-political relationship of the Society with the general public, we might enlarge upon the manifold absurdities which characterise Quaker rules respecting the lawfulness of oaths; war; ecclesiastical imposts; dress and language; the prohibition of sports, &c. The whole machinery of modern Quakerism seems to us admirably adapted for producing a bounteous crop of sad-visaged, soberly-clad hypocrites. No doubt many, very many, good men and women have belonged, and still belong, to the Society of Friends; but they have been and are good, not from, but in spite of, the rules and ordinances which they are pledged to obey. We said before we regarded the decay of this sect as irremediable; and we certainly do not regret it. Our only wonder is that a creed so made up of contradictions and absurdities has held its ground so long. Its main foundations are based on ignorance and self-sufficiency; or, perhaps we should rather say, on ignorance which must inevitably breed self-sufficiency. There is, however, no need to sing *pæans* over the decadence of Quakerdom. Its members have so long gone on in the noiseless, even, and, we must add, selfish tenour of their way, that their existence is little known to, or cared for by, the great bulk of the nation. A stout old gentleman or lady, and occasionally a comely maiden, dressed in a style of most grotesque ugliness—young male Quakers are about as rare as dead donkeys—crosses our path, and reminds us that Quakerdom is not yet defunct. The day is probably not very far distant when we shall cease to behold these ungainly apparitions; and we shall perfectly acquiesce in that silent but certain command of civilisation which will in due season remove this minor flaw on her fair face, just as she has already removed flaws far more unsightly and ulcerous.

ANOTHER SHAKESPEARIAN COMMENTATOR.

A Critical Examination of the Text of Shakespeare, with Remarks on his Language and that of his Contemporaries; together with Notes on his Plays and Poems. By WILLIAM SIDNEY WALKER, formerly Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge. 3 vols. fcp. 8vo. J. Russell Smith.

THE AUTHOR, but not the editor, of this book was a young student at Cambridge, who had devoted a great deal of his time to a minute study of Shakespeare's works. He seems to have been a *protégé* of Mr. Crawshaw, the great iron-master, through whose instrumentality he received a collegiate education, and at whose cost the present three thick volumes have been published. It is necessary to give thus much of the history of this book, because it is a posthumous and, in many respects, an unfinished work, and the peculiar circumstances may account for its deficiencies and redundancies, for it has both in no small degree.

The labour of love zealously performed by the editor, Mr. Wm. Nanson Lettson, deserves consideration from the earnestness and truthfulness with which it has been performed, although in his extreme candour he reveals that neither he nor the author had the full means of doing justice to the work they had undertaken. Mr. Walker seems to have been a recluse student, who either had not the means or did not take the trouble to get the necessary materials for so large an attempt—that of a complete revisal of the text of the great national dramas. The editor at once confesses that he himself was totally unprepared by previous studies for his work, and only gathered such information as he has in the course of his labours. He tells us with the same singular but praiseworthy candour that Mr. Walker's library was scanty, and many of his quotations are made from modern editions. Of old copies he only possessed the reprint of the first folio, and knew little of the first quartos but through the medium of Boswell's variorum edition of 1821.

These seem to be but poor tools to work upon so hard a subject as Shakespeare and his commentators. Yet we know that it is not the colours and the brushes that make the artist; for a painter may command all the implements of the colourman's shop and not produce a fine picture. Talents with inferior means will produce much greater effect than the reverse in these matters; and we are bound to say Mr. Walker has proved himself an able and high-class critic. He had great diligence and great conscientiousness, joined to considerable acumen and a fine taste. He possessed in a remarkable degree the very first requisite for a speculative or conjectural critic (which every one must be who attempts to restore the text of Shakespeare); he had a deep sympathetic feeling with his author. His mind had also been well trained in dialectic and analytical processes, and he thus has the merit of being the first commentator who framed a scientific theory for the examination of his subject. His plan varies, as far as we know, from every previous commentator, and is an invention of his own. Walker himself had, indeed, in the clever little volume on

Shakespeare's versification, which he published some five years since, manifested much of his power, and an idea of his system of working; and his excellent editor has justly imagined that, had the original author survived to have put his book into order for publication, he would have pursued the method now taken, as it was his plan to strengthen and test his conjectures by arranging them into classes and under specific heads.

The first two volumes consist of one hundred and twenty sections, under each of which are ranged copious examples of the instance or kind of error of printing or peculiarity of composition cited; and a few specimens of the titles of these articles will give a better idea than could any description of the method pursued. For instance, here are a few of the chapter-heads: "Verse mistaken for prose, and the converse;" "Compound words improperly resolved;" "Arrangement of words, natural, but grammatically irregular;" "Double negative;" "Peculiar construction with relative words;" "Certain preterites used as participles;" "Inversion of the definite article;" and so on through the one hundred and twenty divisions.

The third volume consists of miscellaneous observations, which doubtless would have been also classified if the young and gifted author had lived to complete his work; and that he did not must ever be a subject of regret, for he has exhibited remarkable qualities for the line of literature he had marked out for himself. With rare taste he possessed great soberness of judgment, and whilst keenly alive to the minutest beauties of the mighty master, he was free from all German mysticism and all over-strained interpretation. He had the same direct, pure, and simple mind as Shakespeare himself; and he fully appreciated the amazing and direct strength of his author, who had no twists or contortions, and no parade or artifice in his utterances.

We have not entered into any controversy on the correctness or otherwise of any of the remarks, because therein the reader can best minister to himself. Where criticism must assume the conjectural, there must be some differences of opinion; and of course we could condemn some of the readings. From the poverty of his materials, the author has repeated readings long settled, and omitted some that required his emendations; but, notwithstanding his shortcomings, and, above all, notwithstanding the work is an imperfect and posthumous one, we can sincerely recommend it as one of the most important contributions to Shakespearian literature that has been offered to the students of the great plays for many a long year.

NEW NOVELS.

Now or Never: a Novel. By M. BETHAM EDWARDS, Author of "The White House by the Sea." Edinburgh: Edmonston and Douglas. pp. 423.

The Way of the World: a Novel. By ALISON REID. 3 vols. pp. 1015. London: Hurst and Blackett.

Against Wind and Tide. By HOLME LEE. London: Smith, Elder, and Co. 3 vols. pp. 909.

Extremes. By W. E. ATKINSON. Smith, Elder, and Co. 2 vols. pp. 597.

WHILE, AS A WORK OF LITERARY ART, we must pronounce "Now or Never" to be a failure, we are not indisposed to allow that its easy, graceful style, and occasional happy touches of life and character, lift it considerably above the mass of waifs and strays which, in the shape of the great majority of modern novels, either sink at once or float away on the stream of time, never to be seen again or recalled to memory. In fact, there is a *quasi* Mezentian union of two distinct novels in this volume; although, to continue our simile, we have here rather a linking of two corpses, as neither of the stories we are speaking of can be considered to have much vitality in it. We read on, wondering where and when these lines and threads of lines, kept so evenly and exactly distinct, will cross and interlace one with the other; but at last we are compelled to own that the writer has kept them distinct rather from the want of skill to interweave them, than from an intention of making the *dénouement* more exciting. Contrary to custom, we find the male characters in this volume much more interesting than the female; the former have their various idiosyncrasies and peculiarities, while the latter resemble one another chiefly in being nearly all heartless coquettes. Count Max Korvinski, "unstable as water," tires us in a very short time with his endless whims and vagaries; and Tom Winter, his sober, thoughtful, English friend, tires us nearly equally with his patient and almost servile endurance of these said whims and vagaries. Mr. Honeychurch is, however, a delightful character, a species of amiable Jonathan Oldbuck, though with many more oddities and much less common sense than had Scott's antiquarian laird. Dr. Ray is, perhaps, almost too perfect for poor humanity. The ladies, however dissimilar in other respects, are certainly alike in their love of flirtation. The Miss De Vettes are not meant to be amiable and attractive, and we certainly do the author the justice to say that they are neither. Bertha, we suppose, is meant to be both; but the exceedingly cool way in which, at a moment's notice, she is off with her old love and on with a new, testifies rather to her worldly wisdom than to the goodness of her heart. Agatha Sherlock is utterly odious in every way; and Annette, the model Annette, behaves with more than imbecility in throwing over her lover without rhyme or reason, and pining for ten years. We cannot help thinking that the

expedient by which Annette and Dr. Essex Ray are again brought together is a marvellously clumsy one. The gentleman has not seen or heard anything of his recalcitrant fair one for ten years, when, as the fates willed it, he happened to take a walk somewhere on the Southern coast, where he finds the fair runaway asleep in a field in the middle of the day. Here is a piece of wasted pathos: "There, her head pillowed on the soft ground, her dark hair streaming over her white summer robe, her features immobile but tender, lay, calm and fair and motionless as a Grecian statue, the figure of a sleeping woman. He gazed again. Ten years had passed since he had looked upon a brow so pure and steadfast, a mouth so sweet and contemplative. . . . Gazing on the serene face, and thinking that it was paler by a little than it had been of old, he thought of her words: 'The world is so large and lonely.'" If Miss Annette was in the habit of slumbering on "dells of heath-covered ground" at mid-day, we are only surprised that her face was not very much paler, and her "pure and steadfast brow" and "contemplative mouth" racked and tortured by rheumatism and ague. And, even supposing we could believe her exempt from any such vulgar ailments, we are not inclined to think much of the common-sense, or fitness for ruling a family, of a young woman—and Miss Annette's fit of decennial coyness does not necessarily allow her to be very young—who prefers a bed of heath to one of feathers. With a good deal of romance and flightiness, this volume has, as we have before hinted, not a few commendable points in it.

With the old school of novelists there was only one hero and one heroine; they fell in love generally at first sight, they were immediately obstructed in their efforts to unite, and it was the duty of the novelist to see them duly married about the end of the third volume. *Nous avons changé cela.* The contemporary novelist would be ashamed if either hero or heroine did not pass through several desperate flirtations before the haven of wedlock is reached. The heroine of the "Way of the World" (who tells her own story after the manner made fashionable by Miss Brontë and Holme Lee) a certain Miss Alice Hope, is not out of her teens before she is engaged to be married to a gentleman whom she adores and who seems to adore her. A few months pass; their ardour cools; and the lovers separate by mutual consent. When next we find Miss Hope ordering the wedding-garment, the case is one more of self-sacrifice than of attachment, though there is a *souçon* of the latter in the business. There is a very sarcastic cousin whom Miss Hope has rejected, and who has in his power the lady's brother (he had committed a forgery) as well as her old uncle, her guardian and up-bringer, for she has the misfortune to be an orphan. To save both, she resolves to sacrifice herself. She cannot help being a little flattered by the love, all unscrupulous as it is, of this cynical and most unamiable admirer; but, luckily for her, both uncle and brother die just in the nick of time, and the pressure from without being removed, Miss Hope retires once more into single life. From this she emerges to unite herself in the bonds of matrimony to a mild, quiet physician, full of skillfully-repressed passion. The story closes with a picture of her own happiness, heightened by the disastrous death of her first love and his wife. The sarcastic cousin gets on in life, it is true; but his getting on is *à la* Barnes Newcome, and he is yoked to a most disagreeable wife, instead of the charming heroine. Such is the "Way of the World," as it appears to Alison Reid. She is clever, well-read, and, though a student of Goethe and Carlyle, writes unaffected English. There is in her pages an occasional display of thoughtfulness beyond the common, and if she will study the *art de conter*, she may ripen into an agreeable and acceptable novelist.

Although it seems to be an accepted fact that "Holme Lee" is the *nom de plume* which a lady has chosen to adopt, we must confess that there is much in "Against Wind and Tide" which, if it came to us without any suggestion of authorship, would lead us to pronounce it unhesitatingly to be the work of a woman. In "Sylvan Holt's Daughter" (an admirable work of fiction, by-the-by) there was a feminine tenderness and a far-seeing woman-like insight into the heart, which left no room for doubt as to the sex to which the author belonged. In the present work, however, there is a masculine vigour, a boldness in dealing with topics from which women generally shrink, and an acquaintance with certain phases of human life which do not usually come within their observation, which almost startle us in our faith, and make us ask whether it be possible that the same heart and the same head can have been exclusively engaged in the composition of both works. Be that as it may, however, we are bound to recognise in this work dramatic and analytical powers of a very high order, and class it among the very best works of fiction which the season has produced.

The story runs upon the career of two young men, Cyrus and Robert Hawthorne. They are the children of a Baronet, who deceived their mother (a beautiful daughter of a farmer) by a false marriage, but who undertakes the adoption and education of the elder, Cyrus. For the younger, a happier though humbler lot is reserved. He remains with his mother; goes into trade; grows up a good, honest, manly fellow, and marries the woman whom he loves. For Cyrus, however, a more adventurous and tempestuous career is reserved. He finds himself in a false position; is regarded with jealousy by his father's family, and has the *bar sinister* thrown in his teeth upon every opportune occasion; loves, only to be scorned and slighted, and to see the object of his affection wedded to his own father; presently his

spirit rebels against these injuries, and he casts himself adrift into the world, resolved to starve independently rather than eat the bread of bitterness and shame. It is in this period of the story that the author proves a very close and accurate knowledge of London life, and of the struggles and privations to which those are subjected who seek to win fame by the thorny road of literature. Cyrus goes from bad to worse; becomes a free lance on the press, a mob-orator, an inciter to riot and rebellion; finally, after many miseries, and after his father and friends find him starving in a garret, he finds peace and happiness once more in the heart of a true and loving wife. The lessons inculcated by this book are, as will be perceived, very various. We should have been better pleased, however, if Sir Philip Nugent, the great wrong-doer, had not been permitted to live a life of such prolonged happiness. Considering that he began the story with the commission of the crime of bigamy, some thorns might have not unfitly been strewn upon a path which is too thickly carpeted with roses.

Mrs. Atkinson's novel, "Extremes," belongs to that most disagreeable, and we believe unpopular, of all kinds of fiction—the religious novel. It is intended to illustrate the inconveniences of extreme opinion, and of the mischief which arises from a mistaken zeal in religious matters; also that sometimes, when the difference seems evident, a dispassionate examination will prove that it is very much less than it seems. To those who admire this kind of book Mrs. Atkinson's is as recommendable as any we know of. For us, we take little joy in such novels.

ECCENTRICITY.

Eccentricity; or, a Check to Censoriousness: with Chapters on other subjects. By the REV. JAMES KENDALL, author of numerous publications. London: Simpkin, Marshall, and Co. Burslem: Dean. 1859. pp. 283.

"**R**IDENTEM DICERE VERUM QUID VETAT?" Here is a gentleman who tells us that a good many sour-visaged mortals object to anything, whether truthful or not, which has a tinge—or, as they would say, a taint—of mirthfulness in it. There was something respectable in the spirit of ancient Stoicism, which predicated that pain was no evil; which respectability has by no means descended to that vulgar Calvinism which answers in not a few things to the philosophical creed of Zeno and his disciples. What effect a toothache might have had upon a Roman Stoic we cannot say; but we are inclined to think that some modern Calvinists labour perpetually under that ailment, so fixedly grim is the disposition of their visages. We will let Mr. Kendall say a few words for himself:

I have just to say then that this book never would have been written, but for the fact that I have been unrighteously censured, and have suffered much from the result of censure. Being from childhood by mental constitution inclined, while in a cheerful mood, to *facetiousness*, I have not happened to please everybody. I have ever had multitudes of cordial and attached Christian friends, to whom this said facetiousness has been agreeable. Since I have been a preacher, a vast number of good ministers and Christian families, in my own religious connection, have shown me as much respect and kindness, on account of *facetiousness*, as for other qualities of a graver kind. But then, as some people don't like facetiousness, and think it ought to be censured and quietly punished, they have acted on their own grave principles, and very solemnly, and without any provocation on my part, put me to my difficulties. During many years I have borne this patiently. I sometimes tried to think that my grave opponents might be right and I wrong; but I thought again, and discovered their errors. Yet I was silent. After a time, however, it seemed to me that there was to be no end of censure; and when the charge of *eccentricity* came up against me, and procured for me a very disagreeable notoriety throughout the kingdom, alarming the churches, and fetching out those ugly things called *remonstrances*, to annoy and injure me, I saw that this *would not do*.

Mr. Kendall goes on to say that in consequence of these remonstrances he has published this little volume; and "although it is not likely to be relished by a particular class of readers, yet I know beforehand that it will be countenanced by such sensible people as have themselves been censured and ill-treated for wit and humour." Do not these words savour somewhat of bribery? All persons who countenance this volume will be held by the author to be at least sensible, if not witty. At the risk, however, of not being counted sensible, we must aver that the eccentricity of this book is much more conspicuous than its wit and humour. The former we can discover broadcast in every page; while we are afraid that, if we look for the latter, we shall have about as much success as had Diogenes when he lit his lamp and traversed the city in search of one honest man. Testimonials are not, or at least are not meant to be, in general humorous; and those with which Mr. Kendall favours his readers form no exception to the general rule. The gist of this gentleman's complaint is that because he is eccentric or "facetious," to use his own expression, he retains as a Wesleyan preacher, after thirty-two years of hard service, the same circuit status now (1859) as in the beginning of his career. Though we sympathise with Mr. Kendall that his "facetiousness, foolishly called eccentricity," should have exposed him to such persecution, we cannot help thinking that the omission of the chapter on "Egotism" would have been an improvement to this book, and that his present appeal to the public is scarcely likely to benefit him with the Wesleyan representatives who before objected to him in consequence of his being "a funny brother." We are even afraid that some persons will, if they read this volume, be more inclined to laugh at, than with, its author.

THE MAGAZINES.

THE *Art Journal* for December gives the usual pair of engravings from the Royal collection, namely, the "Guerilla Council of War," by Wilkie, engraved by J. C. Armytage, and Greuze's beautiful head of a child called "Childhood." The sculpture piece is from "The Tomb Revisited," a beautiful monumental group by Foley. At the head of the literary contents comes an announcement by the editor that the *Art Journal* has completed its twenty-first annual volume—a fact which proves that it has only just come of age, although everybody will admit that it arrived long ago at years of discretion. In a few words of excusable self-gratulation the *Art Journal* claims for itself a not inconsiderable part in the progress which has taken place during the last few years in the love of art and the purchase of goodworks; adding, with truth: "During all these years we have been—and we remain—the only *Art Journal* in Europe by which the arts are adequately represented." Among the literary contents of the number we specially indicate a capital and most readable article entitled "Addio Firenze;" the fifth part of "Rome and her Works of Art," by Mr. Dafforne; and the twelfth part of the "Excursions in South Wales," by Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall.

The *Constitutional Press* appears lately to have taken a new lease of life. "The Misdirected Letters," whether they come from the pen of Justice Haliburton or not, are, in our opinion, quite equal to anything which that gentleman has yet written; and we fancy we trace a vast improvement in many of the other papers. If the present number of the *Constitutional Press* may be considered an average specimen, taking into consideration its moderate price, we have little doubt that it will hold its way against all rivals, whether from the West or from the East. We wish that the writer of "Suppers of the Tories" had not yet done spending his long vacation, if thus he would be prevented from contributing to the columns of the *Constitutional Press*.

The *National Magazine* for the present month contains a number of short and very readable papers. We consider it at least equal to its competitor, *Once a Week*, both as a pictorial and literary work. Among other papers that we have read with considerable interest is the graphic pulpit sketch of the Rev. C. Kingsley.

Such of our readers as have not seen the *American Historical Magazine* may perhaps like to know that in its main features it resembles our English *Notes and Queries*, to which admirable little periodical it stands in the relation of a worthy brother rather than of a rival. Its pages have already thrown not a little light upon disputed points respecting the antiquities, history, and biography of America; and it has our best wishes for the success of its future lucubrations.

The second number of *Macmillan's Magazine* is, we think, on the whole even superior to its predecessor. "Tom Brown at Oxford" is in himself a host; and after all the mawkish nonsense that has been written on University life by Cuthbert Bede *et hoc genus omne*, we turn with delight to the manly, genial narrative of Mr. Hughes. Oxford men will, above all, recognise how truthfully and vigorously he portrays characters and incidents which are to a certain extent normal types of life and manners at their Alma Mater. Nearly all the papers are considerably above the average calibre of periodical writing; but we may especially note the opening article by Mr. Dove; Alexander Smith "In a Skye Bothy;" and Professor Huxley's review of Darwin's "Origin of Species." The "Colloquy of the Round Table" still drags its slow length along, and we cannot help half coinciding with the Saturday Reviewer in his opinion that, McTaggart and Co.'s conversation savours much more of "wut" than of "wit."

The copy of *Fraser's Magazine* which we have received is incomplete—sixteen pages of extraneous matter have been accidentally interpolated in the place of as many of the proper text—and cannot therefore be very fairly criticised. It, like the magazine we have just noticed, opens with an article on "The National Defences." It contains also three excellent papers, headed "English Poetry versus Cardinal Wisman," "A Few Words on Non-intervention," and "Long Vacation Readings," written respectively by Leigh Hunt, John Stuart Mill, and Shirley.

Perhaps the best paper in the *Universal Review* is that on "Literature and Criticism," by Mr. Cordy Jeaffreson. That gentleman, himself a critic, has more than once been handled with righteous severity by some of his brother reviewers; but, nevertheless, he does them—and at the same time himself—full justice. We have also in the present number a very entertaining paper on "German Rogues and Vagabonds," and an able review of "The Virginians."

"Horatian Gossip" and "Arctic Sailors and their Journals," in the *Titan* for December, will well repay perusal; the number is on the whole, we think, rather above par.

Bentley for the present month contains a second and somewhat lengthy instalment of Mr. Harrison Ainsworth's tale, "Ovingdean Grange." Royalists and Roundheads briskly fight their battles over again in these pages. The present tale is, we think, equal in excellence to any of Mr. Ainsworth's previous novels. Other noteworthy papers are "German Almanacks for 1860;" and an excellent article on "Essayists and Reviewers," by Monkshood.

The *Dublin University Magazine* closes the year with one of the most entertaining numbers produced during it. "Christmas Eve in the Smugglers' Cave," a bright and pleasant tale, opens the number; and then comes a choice and scholastic essay on Joseph de Maistre, by the Rev. W. Alexander. "Qui Laborat Orat" is the title of an interesting article on lace-making by machinery, and there are many other capital sketches and essays to follow. Incomparably the most readable paper is the instalment of "The Season Ticket," by Mr. Justice Haliburton, full of wit, wisdom, and humour. Does not the tale of "The Murderer's Grave" verge, however, upon the ultra-superstitious?

The *Englishwoman's Journal* devotes itself, as usual, to those questions which affect the social status of woman and her emancipation from her present state of thralldom. Miss Bessie Parkes opens the number with a very well-reasoned paper upon the employment of women: "What can Educated Women do?" Her answer to this is that they may be employed in hospitals, prisons, reformatories, workhouses, and the like.

The *Phytologist* is full of matter interesting to botanists, who, finding scant store of phanerogamic treasures in the highways and by-ways, are doubtless glad to read about them in the pages of this scientific but genial little periodical. Some excellent "Remarks on the Flora of Ireland," by John Sim, and "Botanical Rambles in June, 1859," by the same writer, are to be found in the current number.

The *Drawing-Room Portrait Gallery of Eminent Personages in 1860*, (John Tallis.)—This volume contains forty steel engravings, after photographs, similar to those which are issued with the *Illustrated News of the World*. From a short prefatory explanation it appears that, as many subscribers to that journal have complained that their copies of the engravings have reached them in a damaged state, owing to the necessity for transmission through the post, the publishers have resolved to publish the engravings in the form of volumes containing forty each, with the accompanying memoirs, before issuing them with the newspaper. We have no doubt that this new plan will find favour with those who desire to possess these engravings in an undamaged state. Among the most conspicuous of the persons represented in the volume are the Emperor and Empress of the French, the Duke of Argyll, Lord Elgin, Lord Cardigan, the Bishop of London, Dean Trench, Archdeacon Denison, Dr. McNeill, the Rev. H. W. Beecher, Sir Cornewall Lewis, Sir Richard Bethell, Sir H. Keating, Sir John Lawrence, Sir Tatton Sykes, Baron Humboldt, David Roberts, R.A., Meyerbeer, Costa, and Mr. Buckstone. The fair sex is represented by Mlle. Balfé, Mme. Anna Bishop, Mme. Penco, Mlle. Lotti, and Mlle. Guarducci. Many of these portraits are admirable for resemblance, though, generally speaking, rather flattering.

Hugh O'Neill, the Prince of Ulster: a Poem. By JOHN O'NEILL. (Dublin: McGlashan and Gill.) pp. 112.—This is only the first canto of a poem written by an O'Neill for the glorification of the founder of his race: the further progress of the composition depends upon the success with which this may meet. The metre chosen is Spenserian, and the language is not devoid of a certain merit. The sentiments, however, are intensely Irish and Roman Catholic, as the following stanzas respecting our Protestant Queen Elizabeth and her invasion of Ireland will testify:

Now high on Albion's throne exalted sate
Elizabeth, who in the footsteps trod
Of that apostate King whose heart elate
Aspired, as first in crime, with iron rod,
And sceptred sway, to rule the house of God;
And he who durst oppose his purpose dread,
To gory death or desolate abode
Of bolted cavern dark in haste was led,
Where never from his heart devouring terror fled.
Nor less ambition fired his daughter proud,
But fixed on Erin was her ruthless aim.
Then o'er the seas a fell remorseless crowd
Of tyrants to the land of heroes came.
They sought in arms her martial sons to tame,
And power supreme in Holy Church to gain;
Then dark dominion o'er the soul to claim,
By terror bowed upon the battle plain,
And double slavery flix with everlasting chain.

Cottoniron: a Poem. By L. B. E. (R. Hardwick.) pp. 119.—A politico-poetical squib that extends over a hundred pages should be exceedingly good to be tolerable. This abuses Cobden and Bright in the Hudibrastic style through something like 3500 lines. We must confess that we have not had the resolution to wade through these, and must perforce leave the verdict to those who have.

"*Married Off:*" a Satirical Poem. By H. B. (Ward and Lock.) pp. 75.—This somewhat weak composition is apparently intended for a satire upon match-making and fortune-hunting. The letter-press, however, is so utterly devoid of humour, and indeed of merit of any kind, that we cannot see that any good end would be subserved by noticing it in detail. The eight illustrations by Florence Claxton display, however, not a little of the *vis comica*.

Christian Government and Christian Education in India. By Anti-Caste. (J. F. Shaw.) pp. 131.—This little volume is a clear and sensible review of the present position and future prospects of England in India with regard to the advancement of Christianity and the establishment of a Christian Church. The author is in favour of free action, desiring to see the Church acquire an influence and spread abroad her power without depending upon the State. In this he coincides with Lord John Manners, who sees "no reason why the voluntary efforts of Church people at home should not be directed towards the creation and sustentation of additional bishoprics in India."

The Development of the Associative Principle during the Middle Ages. By CHRISTOPHER BARKER. (Longmans.) pp. 101.—This little volume contains three lectures read before the members of the Huddersfield Early Closing Association, in which the author attempted, and not unsuccessfully, to show the antiquity of the associative principle—the development of the very natural idea that by co-operation and agreement a body of men can always achieve a greater result than could be represented by the aggregate sum of their individual power. Monastic life, trade guilds, and the military associations of the Middle Ages supply the subjects and the titles to these three lectures.

Aperçu de la Littérature Française. Par P. F. MERLET. (Walton and Maberly.) pp. 72.—M. Merlet is Professor of French at the University of London, and in this little manual he has given a very complete and useful synopsis of French literature for the use of the student.

Hand-book of Geography and Statistics of the Church. By J. E. T. WILTCH. Translated from the German by JOHN LEITCH, Esq. With a Preface by the Rev. FREDERICK MAURICE, M.A. Vol. I. (Bosworth and Harrison.) pp. 560.—Mr. Maurice, in an exceedingly cautious preface, says that he believes that Wiltch's work is about the best extant ecclesiastical geography, and that he is sure that Mr. Leitch is, or ought to be, an excellent translator. For our part, we can say little more than that Wiltch's volume is one of vast research and industry; and that, contrary to the Italian proverb, Mr. Leitch appears to us to merit

the name of translator, and not traitor. We can further say that, without pretending to have read this volume through (which would be nearly as absurd as giving out that we had perused Forcellini's Latin, or Dr. Johnson's English Lexicon), we have referred to it for explanation of several geographical and statistical difficulties, and that we find it both ample and correct.

Three Lectures upon the Rifle. By Colonel E. C. WILFORD. (J. W. Parker and Son.) pp. 77.—The author of this little manual is Assistant Commandant and Chief Instructor at the School of Musketry at Hythe, which is tantamount to saying that he is of all men in this country one of the most entitled to be heard upon the subject of which he treats. These three lectures should be in the hands of every soldier and every volunteer; and even those who have heard them orally delivered, and have themselves derived advantage from Colonel Wilford's teaching, will find their memory refreshed and knowledge strengthened by a perusal of these pages. In style the lectures are practical throughout, never prosy, always to the purpose, and frequently illustrating a principle or a theoretical point by an interesting practical illustration.

A Glass of Good Wine from the Vineyards of South Africa. (Andrew and Hughes.) pp. 32.—This little pamphlet is intended for a defence of the juice of the South African grape against the aspersions which have been cast against it by epicures and bad jokers. For our part we are quite willing to believe that pure South African or Cape wine (as it used to be called) is not an unwholesome beverage, and we have tasted some which, if not equal to the first-rate *crus* of Oporto and Xeres, have been well worth the price demanded for it.

Messrs. Smith, Elder, and Co. have issued a compact, cheap, one-volume edition of *The Life of Charlotte Brontë*. By Mrs. Gaskell. Also, a similar re-issue of *The Tenant of Wildfell Hall*. By Acton Bell (Anne Brontë).—We have also received a pamphlet on *Manhood Suffrage, combined with Relative Equality in Representation*. By John Riddle Stodart, Esq. (E. Stanford).—The second part of *The Welcome Guest*. (Houlston and Wright).—A pamphlet on *The Difficulties of Church Extension in the Diocese of London*. By a Lay Member of the Committee of the London Diocesan Church-Building Society. (Rivingtons).—Swedenborg, *the Man of the Age*. A Lecture. (Pitman).—A *Letter to the Members of the Equitable Society respecting the Coming Bonus and their Prospects for the Future*. By C. J. Bunyon, Esq. (C. and E. Layton).—A *Safe Place for a Child's Heart*. By the Rev. T. Alexander, M.A. (S. A. Mowels).—*The Bulwark*, No. CII. (Seeleys).—A reprint from the last American edition of *The Backwoods' Preacher: an Autobiography of Peter Cartwright*. (Arthur Hall and Virtue).—*Letts's Diary for 1860*. (Letts and Co.).—A volume whose utility is so well known that there can be no need to dwell upon it here.—The second part of the new and enlarged edition of *Ure's Dictionary of Arts, Manufactures, and Mines*, edited by Robert Hunt, F.R.S. (Longmans), bringing this useful work of reference down to the article "Boring."—A third edition of Dr. Fischel's *German Reading Book* (Nutt), revised and considerably enlarged.—A second edition of H. W. Lobb's treatise *On the Curative Treatment of Paralysis and Neuralgia with the Aid of Galvanism*. (Hippolyte Baillière).—*The Weather Almanack for 1860*. By Orlando Whistlercraft. (Simpkin, Marshall and Co.)

ART, DRAMA, MUSIC, SCIENCE, &c.

ART AND ARTISTS.

TALK OF THE STUDIOS.

ON TUESDAY, the trustees of the National Gallery fixed the Vernon and Turner collections and the English portion of the gallery removed from Marlborough House, Pall-mall, to the new building at Kensington Gore, to be opened to the public on Monday, 12th proximo, and to be continued open every succeeding Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Saturday—the other two days of the week, Thursday and Friday, being set apart for students.

Yesterday (Friday) Messrs. Christie and Manson sold by auction, at their rooms in King-street, St. James's, a valuable collection of ancient Chinese crackle porcelain, recently received from China. To-day (Saturday) they will sell a collection of pictures by Italian, French, Dutch, Flemish, and English masters, from different collections, including several specimens of the Sevillian school, representing Spanish customs, and a "Descent from the Cross," by Vandyck (?).

At a picture sale held by Messrs. Brown and Macindoe, of Glasgow, on the 22nd ult., a portion of the valuable collection of John Graham, Esq., of Skelmorlie Castle, and also some pictures belonging to Mr. Graham's brother, Alexander Graham, Esq., of Lancesfield, the following prices were realised: "A Poulterer's Stall by Candlelight," by J. Van Schendel, 28*l.*; "A Horse Market," by Barent Gall, 25*l.*; Landscape, by Hackaert, 36*gs.*; "The Marriage Portion," after Grenze, 31*gs.*; Winter Scene, by Vandernar, 29*l.*; "Domestic Treasures"—a mother caressing an infant, by Schlessinger, 19*l.* 5*s.*; "A Rustic Belle," by Baxter, 28*l.*; A View in Rome, by Canaletto, 35*gs.*; Italian Landscape, by Van Lint, 29*l.*; "The Happy Village," by Witherington, R.A., 40*l.*; "Sunset among the Welsh Mountains," by Boddington, Sen., 81*l.* 18*s.*; and "The Garden of Love," by Wildens, after Rubens, 25*l.*

The "Town and Table Talker" in the *Illustrated London News* put forth a paragraph on art news last week, which must have astonished even those who are most accustomed to his facile and intelligible style. He begins by charging the Academy with having killed Frank Stone with neglect. "Old age," he says, "took off the Royal Academician; disappointment took off the Associate." What foundation is there for this? Stone was an Associate, and there are many who think that that was a position beyond his merits. But the Royal Academy (according to the writer) must be reformed. Her Majesty "should see to its speedy reformation;" and if not, "either her Majesty should drop the Academy, or the Academy should drop her Majesty." This is very pretty nonsense; but nothing to what follows. The Town and Table Talker does not entirely disapprove of the election of the new Academician. It is mentioned as a proof of the want of appreciation of "individual artistic talent in England," that only two candidates were put for election, and those two Mr. Hook and Mr. Philip (spelt Phillip in the *I. L. N.*). Considering that the Academicians had only one vacancy to fill up, and that their choice was necessarily restricted to Associates, this is not very extraordinary. "The forty," continues the Talker, "thought nothing of Sunlight Danby, of Cow Cooper, of now colossal Thornburn; nothing of little Egg; nothing of Canaletti Cooke; nothing of pre-Raphaelite Millais; nothing of once Water-colour Lewis. Phillip was the man (and very far from a bad man), and Mr. Phillip is now, for the first time, John Phillip, Esq." All this, however, is plain common-sense when compared with the sentence which concludes the disquisition: "The disappointed are about to give, in imitation of the civil servants of the Crown, a feast of the Past-over. Mr. Solomon Hart will, it is said, take the chair. Mr. Solomon, an able artist without the pale, will act as vice; and Mr. Alderman Salomons, who loves and understands art, will act as treasurer. We should like to be there. Nay, if it comes off, we will be there." What is the meaning of this. Of course it is untrue as a statement of fact. No such dinner is contemplated. But what is the meaning of it? Is it intended for wit? or what? Does the joke lie in Past-over? or where? Mr. Solomon Hart is not one of the Past-over, for he is an Academician and a Professor. We must confess that this nut is too hard for us to crack. Will the Talker explain?

The fine bronze group of St. George and the Dragon, by Kiss, the Prussian sculptor, has been purchased by the Prince Regent of Prussia, and will be placed provisionally in the square before the Opera House.

On Saturday last the ceremonial connected with the inauguration of a monument to the late Mr. Edwin Butterworth, the Oldham historian, was performed in the cemetery, Greenacres Moor, Oldham. The monument is a tastefully-designed structure in the Grecian style, and is surmounted by a vase. The inscription runs thus: "In memory of Edwin Butterworth, historian, who died April 19, 1848, aged 36 years, and was interred on the north-east side of the parish church, Oldham, on the 23rd day of the same month. This monument

was erected by public subscription in 1859, as a memento of his moral and historical worth."

On Saturday afternoon a meeting was held at the chambers of Mr. Pratt, No. 7, Great George-street, Westminster, in order to devise measures for perpetuating the memory of the late Mr. Brunel. The Earl of Shelburne was called to the chair. The subscription was proposed to be limited to ten guineas. Mr. Russell Gurney, the Recorder of London, moved, "That in order to mark the high sense universally entertained of the genius and professional attainments of the late Mr. Brunel, as exemplified in his great public and national works, as well as of the worth of his private character, measures be taken for the erection of a public monument to his memory." Mr. Hope moved the appointment of a committee, consisting of the Marquis of Lansdowne, the Earl of Shelburne, Lord Barrington, Mr. Russell Gurney, Mr. H. T. Hope, Sir Watkin Wynne, Mr. Edward Mills, Mr. John Fowler, Mr. Serjeant Wrangham, Mr. St. George Burke, Mr. Woolcombe, Vice-Chancellor Sir W. Page Wood, Mr. Joseph Locke, M.P., Mr. Hawkshaw, Mr. Pratt, Mr. Talbot, M.P., the Hon. H. A. Bruce, M.P., and Mr. C. Austin, barrister-at-law. Some suggestions were thrown out with regard to the nature and site of a memorial; and Mr. Burke stated that, not being in the habit of attending Westminster Abbey, he was shocked, when he went to the funeral of Stephenson, to see the manner in which the aisles were disfigured. It was mentioned also that the Dean of St. Paul's and the Dean of Westminster would be consulted as to the memorial.

At the recent annual admission of Students in Architecture to the "Ecole Impériale des Beaux Arts" in Paris, 126 candidates presented themselves, of whom 56, after a month's examination, succeeded in passing. Among this number we are glad to find that Mr. R. P. Spiers, Associate of King's College, London, eldest son of Mr. Algernon Spiers, of Oxford, gained the honourable position of ninth on the list in the order of merit.

The King of the Belgians has presented a picture by Ary Scheffer to the lottery which is to be drawn at the ball for the benefit of the pension fund of the Opera on the 10th inst.; and M. Strauss, director of the orchestra of the masked balls, has given to it a painting of Holbein, estimated to be worth between 2,000*fr.* and 3,000*fr.*

The *Moniteur Belge* publishes a report on the subject of the Culture of the Arts, addressed to the King by the Minister of the Interior, reporting upon the present state of the Ecoles des Beaux Arts in Belgium, and recommending an organisation for making them work more harmoniously. Consequently upon this comes a royal decree instituting a *Conseil de perfectionnement de l'Education des Arts du Dessin*, to superintend all questions relating to fine-art education in Belgium.

MUSIC AND MUSICIANS.

THE LONG NEGLECT OF SPOHR is now regarded by many otherwise than as a venial error of sacred music societies in England. It ought, however, to be borne in mind that, as a genius is many strides in advance of his time, ignorance may be pleaded in extenuation. In this more advanced period of musical progress, one less ready with an excuse for undervaluing so eminently great and serviceable a musician as Spohr, we are at a loss to understand why the most important society of its kind in Europe, in setting apart an evening, in token of special homage to the memory of the illustrious dead, should not have dedicated it exclusively to the performance of his works. The Sacred Harmonic Society at Exeter Hall inaugurated a fresh season on Friday with the "The Last Judgment" and Mozart's "Requiem." If the oratorio was too short for an entire evening, there were the sacred Cantata and the 84th Psalm, two works that only require to be heard to be admired. Or why not the entire "Crucifixion," in order to give the public of the present day an opportunity fairly to judge of and appreciate its undeniably great beauties? With the exception of Mendelssohn's, we recollect no modern compositions on a religious subject likely to endure, excepting those of Spohr. "The Last Judgment" is unquestionably a masterpiece of one of the greatest musicians of the age. Its influence upon the feelings of an audience has been attested by expressions of the most decided and unequivocal kind—expressions which the untutored involuntarily yet willingly pay to genius, in the quivering lip, the throbbing heart, and the moistened eye. Of the performance of this great work it is only necessary to say that it was quite worthy of the Sacred Harmonic Society. The chorus "Holy, holy, Lord God Almighty," was impressive in the extreme. "Hail, our Redeemer," "The graves yield up their dead, the seals are broken," and "Blest are the departed," although ostentatiously difficult, received the fullest justice at the hands of this highly-trained choral force. The "Requiem," as everybody knows,

was Mozart's last work. He was dying when he wrote it, and he was continually under the impression that it was for himself. It consists of thirteen pieces—a chorus in two parts, "Requiem aeternam" and "Kyrie eleison," in B flat and D minor; a chorus, "Dies iræ," in the same key; a quartet, "Tuba mirum," in B flat; a chorus, "Rex tremendæ majestatis," in G minor; a quartet, "Recordare," in F; a chorus, "Confutatis," in A minor, leading to another chorus, "Lachrymosa," in D minor; a chorus, "Domine Jesu Christe," in G minor; another in E flat, "Hostias et preces," another in D, "Sanctus, sanctus;" a quartet, "Benedictus," in B flat; a chorus, "Agnus Dei," in D minor, leading to a final chorus, in two movements, in B flat and D minor, "Lux aeterna," and "Cum sanctis tuis," set to the same music as the second part of the opening chorus and the "Kyrie eleison." This, it is clearly seen, is a mass for the dead; and to perform it without interruption, is to alter its character and mar its design. The frequent recurrence of the full cathedral closes shows that these closes were meant to roll around the roofs of the hallowed fane, and to die away into silence, followed only by the voice of the ministering priest. Divested of the religious solemnities essential to its effect, every representation, however excellent, must be heard to disadvantage. As performed on the occasion under notice, the awful grandeur of some parts, and the divine beauty and deep pathos of others, were rendered singularly apparent and profoundly impressive. The principals engaged were Mme. Lemmens Sherrington, Miss Dolby, Herr Reichardt, and Mr. Weiss. As usual, on the Sacred Harmonic nights, Exeter Hall was filled by a highly respectable and attentive auditory. Conductor, Mr. Costa.

On Saturday the first of "a short series" of promenade concerts at Drury Lane, under the direction of a committee, with Herr Manns as *chef d'orchestre*, began. Although projected on the Jullien model, there was a total absence of that spirit incident to an opening night, when the popular French conductor had the forces under his control. A seeming heaviness pervaded the structure of the orchestra, and the additional furniture had a very dingy look when contrasted, even in memory, with the drapery and general fittings on similar occasions in times gone by. The programme differed but little from those of years past. Of the few, the chief features in the first part were the Italian Symphony and a violin concerto, both by Mendelssohn. Were we to say that the No. 2 was played faultlessly, we should be giving utterance to that which is not true. The andante in D minor, perhaps the most original and admirable of Mendelssohn's slow movements, was beautifully executed, although in one or two instances the string quartet was too loud for the wind instruments, to which the melody of the second subject is assigned. In the allegro vivace many points presented themselves for disapproval. The presto saltarello in A minor has for its theme a tarantella in imitation of the Neapolitan style, fantastically given out by the flutes, and taken up at intervals by the other instruments. This is contrasted by a counter theme, commencing from a pianissimo to an overpowering fortissimo, describing the clamour and bustle, the revelry and riot attendant on a Carnival. Another theme, in the shape of a fugue, joins the previous one, and the three subjects form an episode that sets written description at defiance. To give to a movement of this character the effect intended by Mendelssohn requires a crispness and precision which were not present when submitted to the public on Saturday evening. Herr Wieniawski invariably meets with a reception of the most enthusiastic character whenever he presents himself. Few violinists have found such favour in the eyes of the British public as this young Pole, and fewer still have been able to maintain so firm a hold in an equal space of time. In all that Wieniawski does there is an evidence of consummate knowledge of the subject to be illustrated, and of a complete mastery over the mechanical difficulties of his instrument. Nothing stands as an impediment in the way of his triumphant marches; no composition, however intricate in design or elaborate in detail, abashes him; no cantabile, however simple, but receives an additional charm when he undertakes to interpret it. In the "Carnival" of Saturday his variations were as novel as astonishing. He evidently intended to produce general hilarity; but in doing so he exhibited skill enough to confound a conjurer by his marvellous double harmonics, combinations of bow and pizzicato passages running in tenths, arpeggios, and full chords in positions bordering on the impossible. The long, loud, and reiterated applause at the close of these musical feats attested the gratification derived. A scherzo in G minor, from Mendelssohn's symphony in C minor, admirably played by the band, concluded the first portion of the programme. The second part consisted chiefly of what the committee designated "light and cheerful music," meaning thereby "The Riflemen's March" and "The Martha Quadrille," by Herr Manns; an overture to "The Merry Wives of Windsor," by Otto Nicolai; a selection from Weber's "Preciosa"—with solos for Messrs. Pape, Crozier, and Wells; Rule Britannia; and the National Anthem. Mme. Lemmens-Sherrington was the vocalist. In the first part Mendelssohn's "May Song" gained an encore, for which a single stanza of the Scotch ballad, "My heart is sair," was given. This curt acknowledgement produced both laughter and disappointment. The well-known "Shadow song," from "Dinorah," was also called for a second time. Had half the requisitions for a second hearing been complied with, the concert must have trenced upon the small hours. The theatre, considering unfavourable weather, has been pretty well attended during the week; and it is to be hoped that the promenade enterprise may be attended with a success corresponding to the zeal and ability shown in ministering to the wants of the public.

Apart from the consideration of a "Spohr night" at St. James's Hall on Monday last, the third "Popular Concert" was unquestionably the best of the present series. There was an admirably constituted programme, faithfully adhered to; while the number and efficiency of the executants tended to bring out and display every point in it to the greatest advantage possible. A quartet in G major stood at the head of the list. This claimed special attention from the fact of its being the last quartet composed by Spohr, and the first time introduced at St. James's Hall. Though ushered into the world very late in the composer's life, it starts by its freshness, and seems to possess a vigour equal to his quartet in the same key with which the musical profession were familiar nearly half a century ago. The adagio in C minor may be classed among the richest of the kind extant. To quote an anonymous commentator, "No one knew better how to write for the violin than Spohr, and in him is represented a school of playing the most solid, legitimate, and classically pure, if not the most graceful, brilliant, and impetuous." The executants were M. Sauton first violin, Herr Wieniawski second, Mr. Doyle viola, and Sig. Piatti violoncello. A grand sonata in A flat for pianoforte solo (Op. 125), played by Mr. Lindsay Sloper, claimed profound attention from a fact enunciated in the programme of its being the only sonata of the kind that Spohr ever wrote, and from the circumstance also of its dedication to Mendelssohn. It is well known that Spohr wrote less for the pianoforte than any of the other great composers, and the reason assigned for this, is that he was no pianist. The sonata, though brilliantly played by Mr. Sloper, failed to create the enthusiasm usually attendant on the works of other celebrated German *maestri*. In the second part of the programme a grand double quartet in E minor (Op. 87), for four violins, two violas, and two violoncellos, constituted the chief and most attractive item. This form of composition owes its paternity to Spohr. It differs from the octetto of Mendelssohn and the nonetto

of Spohr himself, just as the double choruses of Handel may be said to differ from those in which the choir is undivided. Spohr composed three of these double quartets, of which the one in E minor was the last. The executants in the first quartet on Monday were Herr Wieniawski, Herr Ries, Mr. Doyle, and Sig. Piatti; in the second, M. Sauton, Herr Goffrie, M. Schreurs, and M. Daubert. It may probably be remembered that Op. 87 was performed in May last at St. James's Hall, when Herr Joachim was in this country. The success on that occasion induced the directorate of the Monday Popular Concerts to comply with a request for repetition. It was lauded as much on the 28th of November as on the 16th of May, probably more. This is not to be wondered at, as every fresh hearing reveals more and more the ingenuity of the master in the resources of his art. The vocalists were Miss Fanny Rowland, Mlle. Behrens, and Mr. Sims Reeves. There was nothing extraordinary in their portion of the entertainment. The ladies discoursed a duet of Mr. Henry Smart's—a sort of lament for an absent lover—and Macfarren's "Merry gipsies." Reeves was cheered vociferously previous to, and after the singing of, an aria from "Don Giovanni," "Dalla sua pace" (scene 10, act 1); and on his reappearing, "Adelaide" increased the enthusiasm. As on the previous occasions, the Hall was attended by music-lovers of "high and low degree" in the social scale, but all equally alive to the value of the entertainment afforded.

The Amateur Musical Society inaugurated the fourteenth season on Monday at the Hanover-square Rooms. Among the instrumental pieces performed were Mendelssohn's symphony in A minor, Auber's overture to "Les Diamans de la Couronne," Weber's Concertstück, and Mr. Leslie's "Night and Military Music," from his recent oratorio "Judith." When this society was established, many in the profession viewed it with jealousy and distrust. These groundless fears died away as the object of the institution manifested itself. Onward, however, was the motto. Few amateurs possess more indomitable courage in attacking musical strongholds; they dare to climb without the "fear to fall;" and though instances might be cited in which their public performances would not bear the ordeal of severe criticism, yet, upon the whole, they are entitled to high commendation. Miss Freeth, the pianoforte soloist on Monday evening, has graduated from the amateur to the professional. The concerted vocal music consisted of Stevens's fine glea, "Ye spotted Snakes," and "The Fisherman's Goodnight," by Bishop. The services of Miss Dolby were engaged for this occasion, who introduced a manuscript song, "Nay, smile not thus," by Lord Gerald Fitzgerald: this song, from the effective mode of treatment as well as from its own intrinsic merits, was regarded as one of the bright points of the entertainment. The band, under Mr. Leslie, went through the difficult music above alluded to in a style that evinced great love for the art and care not to wound the sensibilities of the most delicate listener.

Herr Jona Greebe's concert at St. James's Hall, on Tuesday, was but slenderly attended, considering the character of the issued programme. The weather, in all probability, had something to do with this. When snow and rain strive for the supremacy, few people, who are not downright musical enthusiasts, care about stirring very far from their own chimney corners. Miss Poole made first essay in a simple ballad, and was highly applauded. Mr. Weiss selected a very plaintive, nay mournful ditty, which went for little or nothing, and then Herr Jona Greebe presented himself. The solo of the young violinist consisted of a fanciful introduction, and themes from popular operas. In cantabile passages he exhibited a delicious tone and a musical sentiment of the purest kind, but in feats of bravura Herr Greebe displayed no extraordinary acquirements. We are not disposed to found an irrevocable opinion on this first specimen, although we cannot help feeling assured that he will not dazzle an audience accustomed to the violin playing every week at St. James's Hall. Mr. Sims Reeves gained a boisterous encore for his "Excelsior." Other singers addressed the meeting. Herr Ganz and M. Berger presided chiefly at the pianoforte.

In no work of Auber's are his special qualities more felicitously displayed than in the "Crown Diamonds," an opera selected for Wednesday evening at Covent Garden, and in nothing do the Pyne-Harrison company shine with greater lustre. The caste differed but slightly from that of the last season, when the character of *Diana de Campomayor* was sustained by Miss Susan Pyne. This was assumed on Wednesday by Miss Thirlwall, who acquitted herself to the astonishment of an auditory hitherto unacquainted with her vocal attributes. In the well-known bolero duet with Miss Pyne—a trying ordeal—she fairly divided the honors of the encore that resulted. The airy and sportive gracefulness of Auber's music, so full of delicate point, rarely finds a better interpreter than Miss Louisa Pyne. As *Cotarina* she always comes off with éclat. Mr. Harrison's *Don Henrique* is patent, and Corri's representation of the chief coiner, though a little extravagant, is generally received with favour. The applause with which the opera was received, induces us to hope that it will be frequently repeated, and—could we but add—without the disfiguring interpolations.

NEW MUSIC.

Festival Anthem. "How lovely are Thy dwellings fair," Psalm lxxviii. (Milton's version.) The music composed by Dr. LOUIS SPOHR. (London: J. Surman.)—This really learned and sublime composition, after slumbering in proof for upwards of twelve years, is now started on its journey through the universe. The objections formerly raised to Spohr's sacred music are rapidly giving way. What were once deemed difficulties too formidable for attack, have lost their power to scare, and the lovers of chorality when systematically organised for action, look upon the rugged roads and steep ascents of the great master with as much calmness and composure as upon the more frequented paths and flowery dales of Handel, Haydn, and Mendelssohn. That there are difficulties—in the common acceptance of the word—to be met with in this "festival anthem" there is no denying, but they are of a character that will well repay the time and care expended in surmounting them. There are four movements: the first a very flowing choral one in $\frac{4}{4}$ measure; a short solo for soprano, strikingly indicative of its authorship, intervenes, after which the original theme is again taken up by the choir. A highly descriptive and solidly written chorus prepares the way for a quartet in $\frac{4}{4}$ measure, extremely rich in the devices of harmonization. Then comes the final chorus in G, fugual in design and very elaborate in treatment, and somewhat resembling Handel's "O God, who in Thy house," which closes the second part of his oratorio "Joseph." As Spohr requires no eulogy at our hands, we would merely suggest to choral societies in search of nutritive music, that the publication of this "Festival Anthem" is not merely opportune, but entitled to their consideration. "All things are not what they seem." Words by LONGFELLOW; Music by CHARLES COOTE, Jun. London: Chappell and Co.—Everybody knows the song of which this title forms a part, and many doubtless have heard music to which the American poet's effusion has been "set." Mr. Coote has succeeded in a melody the most appropriate that has yet come under our notice. The title declares that it is sung by Mr. George Buckland, but we see no reason why any one should not sing it who can run the scale of F, and are possessed of sufficient musical taste to give effect to the various expressive characteristics with which the composer has marked his work.

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MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC GOSSIP.

THE OPENING of the Lyceum Theatre on Monday night is undoubtedly the great dramatic event of the week. Many causes (among which the enormous rent demanded is said not to be least potent) have conspired to keep the Lyceum Theatre without any permanent tenant since it was abandoned by Mme. Vestris and Charles Matthews—for we cannot consider the more or less temporary occupation of Messrs. Anderson, Gye, Falconer, and the others who have visited the house during the interregnum, as permanent tenancies. It is hoped therefore by all good playgoers, and especially by those who remember the attractions of the Lyceum under the Vestris rule and know what an admirable manager Mme. Celeste is, that the experiment inaugurated by this lady on Monday night will be a successful one. For our part, we have the fullest confidence that if Mme. Celeste take the right course at the beginning she cannot fail of ultimate success; and if the experiences of the past week have not been so encouraging as could be wished (which we believe to be the case), the failure so far is entirely attributable to the fact that much remains to be done by her before she has satisfied herself, without which she can never satisfy the public. In the first place, it is not to be denied that the company is weak. This, however, will soon be ameliorated, for we hear of important accessions to join after Christmas. In the next place, we cannot but think that Madame Celeste was not well advised when she decided to open her season with Mr. Selby's drama of "Paris and Pleasure," a bad adaptation of a bad original. In her opening address Madame Celeste declared her intention of depending more upon the native drama than upon foreigners, and it would have been well had she given an earnest of her adhesion to this principle, by opening with an original piece. Let that pass, however; a great theatre is not to be organised all at once, and we have no doubt that Madame Celeste has had difficulties to contend with in organising her brave experiment, of which we can have but a very remote conception. That they may speedily disappear before her untiring energy and very great managerial ability, we heartily hope and confidently predict. Mr. Charles Selby's piece is, as we have said, an adaptation of a piece called "Les Enfers de Paris," by MM. Robert Beauvoir and Lambert Thiboust. It is intended to display the pitfalls and seductions of Paris life, and makes Mme. Celeste, in her favourite career of *Dea ex machina*, and in a variety of disguises, save two young Breton peasants, in whom she has taken an interest, from the perils to which they are exposed. The tact and cleverness with which Mme. Celeste assumes these disguises is, perhaps, the only redeeming feature of the piece, of which the general moral effect is certainly not much to be admired. The other principal characters were sustained by Messrs. F. Villiers and Walter Lacy, Misses Hudspeth, Julia St. George, and Kate Saville. The mounting of the piece (as was to be expected by all who know the new manager's ability in that way) was admirable.

At the Haymarket Theatre, Mrs. Centlivre's comedy, "A Bold Stroke for a Wife," has been revived, with Mr. Charles Mathews in the part of *Feignacell*, and his wife in that of *Anne Lecky*. The rest of the principal parts fell to Messrs. Buckstone, Compton, and Chippendale, and Mrs. Poynter.

At the Princess's, a "domestic drama," entitled "Home Truths," has been brought out. It is an adaptation, by Mr. Reynolds, of M. Augier's play "Gabrielle," a comedy to which, about ten years ago, was awarded the Monthyon Prize of Virtue, for the manner in which it advocated the cause of the husband against that spoilt favourite of the French stage—the lover. Mr. Reynolds seems to have performed the work of adapting this piece to the English stage with skill and success; added to which, it is the kind of piece which seems better suited to the company now at the Princess's than any that has as yet been produced there. The principal characters are sustained by Messrs. G. Melville, Shore, and F. Matthews, Mrs. Charles Young, Mrs. Frank Matthews, and Miss C. Leclercq. The acting of these *artistes* in the various parts allotted to them has been much commended.

On Wednesday evening, the second dramatic performance took place at Windsor Castle, in the presence of Her Majesty and a distinguished company of guests. The play selected was "Romeo and Juliet," and the cast was as follows:—

Escalus (Prince of Verona)	Mr. Haywell.
Paris (a young nobleman, kinsman to the Prince)	Mr. Seyton.
Montague (Heads of two houses at variance with Capulet)	(Mr. Mengreson.
Capulet (each other)	(Mr. J. W. Ray.
Romeo (son to Montague)	Mr. F. Robinson.
Mercutio (kinsman to the prince, and friend to Romeo) ..	Mr. Phelps.
Benvolio (nephew to Montague, and friend to Romeo) ..	Mr. Belford.
Tybalt (nephew to Lady Capulet)	Mr. T. C. Harris.
Friar Laurence (a Franciscan)	Mr. H. Marston.
Friar John (of the same order)	Mr. Chapman.
Peter	Mr. Lewis Ball.
Sampson (servants to Capulet)	(Mr. C. Fenton.
Gregory (servant to Montague)	Mr. Lickfold.
Balthazar (servant to Romeo)	Mr. Ward.
An Apothecary	Miss C. Hill.
Page to Paris	Mrs. Saville.
Lady Capulet (wife to Capulet)	Mrs. Hodson.
Lady Montague (wife to Montague)	Miss Heath.
Juliet (daughter to Capulet)	Mrs. H. Marston.
Nurse to Juliet	Thos. Grieve.

The theatre arranged and the scenery painted by Mr. Thos. Grieve. A tragedy in the Hebrew language, called "King Joachim," by M. Becher has just been published at Vienna.

The Manchester Guardian reports that, at the City Police-court, Madame Macarte and Mr. Clarke, the proprietors of Franconia's Circus, were charged with allowing to be acted in that place a stage play without being duly licensed. The prosecution was instituted on behalf of Mr. Egan, manager of the Queen's Theatre, who charged the defendants with acting "Rookwood, or Turpin's Ride to York," a well-known melodrama. When the piece was announced, Mr. Egan wrote a polite note to the defendants, stating that if they would not proceed in their intention, no further notice should be taken of the matter; but no reply was vouchsafed, and the defendants went on with their representations. Evidence was gone into to establish the identity between this piece and the piece formerly acted. The horse was subsequently added. It was shown that it was originally produced on the stage, and not until a considerable time after in equestrian establishments. Pieces of this description were played at Astley's; but it was duly licensed, and by parties who did it at their peril. For the defence it was urged that the piece was not a play, but an equestrian spectacle, and confined as strictly as was possible to the exhibition of the horses and the agility of the performers. Several witnesses were examined in support of this view. Mr. Orford, who took the part of *Dick Turpin*, said he had seen no "book" in the circus. He did not say exactly the same thing every night. "If a man had a horse a-dying under him, he would say something accordingly." Mr. Maude said this was not a charge of pirating a particular play, but of representing that which could fairly be called a play. This, he thought, had been conclusively proved, and he should therefore fine the defendants 10l.

The visit of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kean to Dublin has been perfectly successful, and is represented by the local press to have been "for its hearty

enthusiasm" almost unprecedented in our theatrical annals. They have played there in "Hamlet," "Macbeth," "Louis XI," "The Wife's Secret," and the "Gamester." The Earl of Carlisle was present at the performance of Louis XI, and Mr. and Mrs. Kean dined with his Excellency on Sunday.

THE CAMPBELL'S MINSTRELS are still carrying on their concerts successfully at St James's Hall, Piccadilly.

The exercise for the degree of doctor of music, composed by Leighton G. Hayne, Esq., Mus. Bac. of Queen's College, Oxford, was performed this afternoon at two o'clock, in the College Hall, by an efficient band and chorus, conducted by Mr. Hayne. The words were taken from the 68th Psalm, and opened with a remarkably written march, by way of introduction. This was followed by a spirited four-part chorus, after which a bass solo, "Like as the smoke vanisheth," was well rendered by Mr. Estridge, of New College. The tenor solo, "He is a father of the fatherless," was given with his usual good taste, by Mr. Whiffen, of St. George's Chapel, Windsor; and a graceful quartet was excellently sung by Master Pacey, and Messrs. Rogers, Johnson, and Williams; a fine eight-part fugue, "He will give strength," concluded the exercise, which was well received by the numerous audience, which more than filled the hall and gallery. The Warden of New College presided as Pro-Vice-Chancellor; and the Rev. Sir F. A. Gore Ouseley, Bart., was present in his official capacity as professor of music.

A serious accident happened at the Theatre Royal, Halifax, on Monday night, to Mr. Watson, a favourite comedian now performing there, under engagement with Mr. Belton, the present lessee. Sheridan's "William Tell" was being performed, and the play had proceeded up to that part of the second act where Tell instructs his son to use the bow by practising at a target. The target was near some steps at one side of the stage, up and down which the other performers had to pass. Mr. Watson stationed himself there, holding up a sheepskin to protect them. He had just warned a lady who had passed him to beware of the arrows, when one flew towards him, the point of which entered his left eye. The sight of the eye is hopelessly gone.

The Northern Whig says: "We have reason to believe that another visit from Madame Lind Goldschmidt to Belfast may be expected at an early date."

The North British Mail states that Miss Faucit (Mrs. Theodore Martin) took her benefit at the Theatre Royal in Glasgow, and that the house was crowded in every part. Miss Faucit sustained the character of *Lady Townley*, in "The Provoked Husband," and of *Katherine*, in "The Taming of the Shrew."

Lola Montes is about to bring out, at one of the New York theatres, an original drama, written by herself.

The receipts of the Parisian theatres for the month of October exceeded the takings in the month of September by 320,000fr. (12,800l.)

M. Scribe has read, at the Vaudeville, a piece in four acts, entitled "La Fille de Trente Ans." It was once read at the Comédie Française, but was withdrawn immediately.

At the Bouffes Parisiens there is a new trifle, called "Geneviève de Brabant," by MM. J. Offenbach, Jaime, and Trefau—a complete hit.

A correspondent says that the bills of the Italian Opera announced to the Paris public, a few days ago, "a new opera by Rossini." Knowing that the *maestro* has long given up writing, and that he is even said to have refused tempting offers of *blank cheques* to resume the pen, this caused no little surprise. M. Calzadò, however, having solemnly announced a new opera by Rossini, the *maestro* thought that was going too far, and therefore addressed the following letter to the director of the Italian Theatre:—"Sir, I am told that the posting bills of your theatre announce a new opera by me under the title of 'Un Curioso Accidente.' I know not whether I have a right to prevent the representation of an old composition in two acts (more or less) of old pieces of mine. I have never occupied myself with questions of that description relative to my works, none of which—I may observe *en passant*—bear the title of 'Un Curioso Accidente.' I do not object to the representation of this piece; but I cannot allow the visitors to your theatre to think that it is a new opera of mine, and next, that I have anything to do with the arrangement which is about to be produced. I therefore request you to cause the removal from the bill of the word *new* and my name as the author, and to replace it by the following: 'Opera arranged by M. Berettoni on morceaux by M. Rossini.' I beg that this change may appear in the next bill; if not, I shall be obliged to demand from justice what I now claim from your good faith.—Accept, &c., GIOACCHINO ROSSINI." The *affiche* of the Italian Theatre was in consequence changed in accordance with the legitimate demand of the illustrious composer. The opera was played, the public being aware of the true state of the case, viz., that M. Berettoni had written a new libretto for an old and forgotten trifle of Rossini's, from which in 1812, under the title of "L'Occasione fa il Ladro," Rossini himself had borrowed some melodies, and, having been re-written, figure to this day in "Il Barbiere," "Gazza," and even "Otello," &c. The principal rôles were played by Mdles. Alboni and Cambordi, and Signori Badioli, Zucchini, and Luchesi, with success. The audience did not fail to recognise some of the most charming melodies of this "new" opera as familiar and old favourites.

According to the same authority, Mme. Pencio has appeared again with great success in "Norma," sustained by Mme. Cambordi, the new tenor Morini, and that admirable basso Angelini. Baraga's new opera, "Margarita," is to be given in a few days, the singers being Mme. Borghi-Mamo, MM. Gardoni, Graziani, and Patriossi.

We learn from St. Petersburg that Mme. Charton-Demeur is a great favourite at Court, as well as at the Italian Opera of that city, having been commanded to sing before the imperial family. Tamberlik and Mme. Nantier-Didé are as popular as ever.

A musical society has been formed at St. Petersburg by royal command. The principal directors of this sort of national undertaking are M. le Comte M. Wielhorsky, MM. B. Kologrivoff, A. Rubinstein, D. Kanchine, and D. Stassoff. At Berlin, a curious piece has been produced, entitled "Caesar Bock," *Anglice* "Caesar He-goat," which is understood to be a satire upon the character and career of the Emperor of the French. Owing to the urgent representations of the French Embassy, the piece has been prohibited and withdrawn.

The solemn distribution of prizes to the laureates at the public examination of the Conservatoire Royal of Music of Brussels for the present year took place on the 27th ult. in the Temple des Augustins. The bureau was composed of MM. Fallen, president; Fetis, director; Lebeau, Gillon, Blaes, Ranwet, Hauman, and Baron de Pellaert, members of the managing committee. M. Fallen opened the *séance* with a discourse which was much applauded by the brilliant and numerous auditory that were present. M. Rogier, the Minister of the Interior, and M. Stevens, Secretary-General, were amongst the company. After the distribution of the prizes a magnificent concert, under the leadership of M. Fetis, closed the proceedings.

Mario and Grisi are said to have left Spain and to be in London, where they intend giving a concert.

FRENCH OPERA AT ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.—On Thursday, in the Insolvent Debtors' Court, M. Jean Remusat, the musician, who had been lessee of St. James's Theatre for the production of French Operas, appeared before Mr.

Commissioner Murphy, for his final order. The appearance was attributed to the losses incurred as lessee of the theatre for three weeks, during which time the insolvent was in partnership in the theatre with Louis Giraud and Gustave Lorent, and the loss in that short time amounted to 750*l.*, and for one-third of that sum the insolvent was still indebted to the partnership, and had entered the debt in the schedule. The insolvent had carried on the speculation on his own account for a short period, and the losses he had sustained had resulted in his appearance before the court. From January to July last, during the insolvent's lesseeship on his own account, the proceedings showed that he had paid to artists, &c., at the theatre, 510*l.*, and now owed to artists, &c., whose debts appeared on the schedule, 687*l.* There was no opposition made on either occasion, and the learned Commissioner granted the final order of protection.

SCIENCE AND INVENTIONS.

MEETINGS OF THE SOCIETIES.

THE ROYAL SOCIETY.—The anniversary meeting of this society was held on Wednesday, at their apartments at Burlington House. Sir B. Brodie, President, delivered his annual address. The medals were then awarded as follows: The Copley medal to M. Weber, of Göttingen, and the two Royal medals to Mr. Arthur Cayley and Mr. George Benthams. The ballot for the election of the council and officers was then taken, and the following gentlemen were declared duly elected: President, Sir Benjamin Collins Brodie, D.C.L.; Treasurer, Major-General Edward Sabine, R.A., D.C.L.; Secretaries, William Sharpey, M.D. and Mr. George Gabriel Stokes, M.A., D.C.L.; Foreign Secretary, Mr. William Hallowes Miller, M.A.; other members of the council, Mr. G. Cardale Babington, M.A.; Rear-Admiral Sir George Back, D.C.L.; Rev. John Barlow, M.A.; Mr. Thomas Bell, Mr. Arthur Cayley, William Farr, M.D., D.C.L.; Sir H. Holland, Bart., M.D., D.C.L.; Mr. Thomas Henry Huxley, Sir Roderick I. Murchison, M.A.; Mr. Thomas Webster, M.A.; Rev. William Whewell, D.D.; Alexander William Williamson, Ph.D.; Rev. Robert Willis, M.A.; Sir William Page Wood, D.C.L.; the Lord Wrottesley, M.A., and Colonel Philip Yorke. After the election, the society and their friends dined together at the Thatched House Tavern, the President in the chair.

SOCIETY OF ARTS.—At the meeting held on Wednesday, Mr. Chadwick, C.B., in the chair, Mr. Holland read a very interesting paper "On the prevention of accidents in coal mines." The author said that his attention had been called to the subject by having been instructed in his capacity of Inspector of Burials, under the Home Office, to report upon the safest method of burying the numerous victims of the great explosion at Lundhill in 1857, by which 189 lives were lost. During the last eight years there had been reported 8015 deaths by colliery accidents, or 1002 a year, showing a death-rate from violence exceeding four per 1000, the deaths from explosions forming about one quarter of the whole, and these, he thought, were almost entirely preventable. It was to be remarked that in the northern districts, where nearly one-fifth of the total colliers were employed, the deaths from explosions scarcely exceeded one-twelfth; and there should surely be no difficulty in raising mines in other districts to this standard. The author proceeded to draw attention to the present neglect of precautionary measures, the observance of which it was practically impossible for the inspectors to enforce, and then proceeded to show how it might be made the interest of owners of mines to render them as safe as possible. No one was allowed to work in any colliery without being insured against death by accident to a sufficient amount to secure his family from destitution. An increase in the price of coal to a scarcely appreciable extent would pay for all the necessary precautions; but those coal-owners who neglected them would (besides having to pay the ordinary insurance premium) be obliged to pay an extra premium, on account of the dangerous state of their mines; and this could not be added to the price of the coal, but must be borne by the individuals themselves. This would make it the interest of every coal-owner to bring his mines up to the highest standard of safety.

ROYAL GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.—On Tuesday evening the second meeting of this society was held at Burlington House, Piccadilly; Sir Roderick Murchison, Bart., F.R.S., in the chair. The chairman called on the secretary to read a series of letters which had been received from Dr. Livingstone. The secretary said the communications relative to the Livingstone expedition were so voluminous, that it would not be possible to read a quarter of them. He should, therefore, confine himself to reading the most important of them. The first letter he should read was addressed by Dr. Livingstone to the Earl of Malmesbury. The first letter stated that after the alarm created by their first landing had subsided they landed, leaving the vessel in command of the quartermaster, stokers, and a chief named Chibisa, and with Dr. Kirk and thirteen Makololo advanced on foot until they had discovered a magnificent inland lake called Shirwa, which had no outlet, and is separated from the Lake Nyanesi (probably the Nyassa, Nyanja, or Uniamesi, which is believed to extend pretty well up to the equator) by a tongue of land only five or six miles broad; and so he ascended the southern end of the Shirwa, which is not more than thirty miles distant from a branch of the navigable Shire. The course pursued was chiefly north and along the banks of the Shire. They ascended the country, and as they did so their route became very tortuous, as they had to go from one head man's village to another, and the formalities occupied in convincing these great little men that they were not a company of marauders took up considerable time. Chibisa was the only chief that did not deem it necessary to call his people together and arm them before giving an audience, and his influence was of great service to them. His progress was so slow that, after travelling for a fortnight, they were not more than forty miles in a straight line from the ships. He crossed the spur of a mountain called Dzomba and Zomba. On the south side they got a distant view of a part of Lake Shirwa, at the feet of a range of high mountains at the east. On the 18th of April he reached the shores of the lake, and found many streams flowing into it, but the natives knew of no outlet. The adjacent country was well watered, and several streams flow into it and form the Tolombe and Zombone, which flow into the lake. The water is bitter, but drinkable, and abounds in fish, and the country abounds in alligators and hippopotami. The height of the Lake Chibisa was 2000 feet above the level of the sea, and Zomba was over 6000 feet high, and the spur he crossed on the south was 3400 feet above the ship. The whole district was well though not densely populated with the Maug Aja, who inhabit the banks of the river Shire from Morambola up to Chibisa's Place; but they occupy the eastern bank only, and the adjacent mountains beyond that point. The western bank above Chibisa is peopled by the Maravi. None of this tribe are to be met with near Shirwa, so that it would be improper to identify them with the Lake Maravi of the maps. The Portuguese do not even pretend to know Shirwa; but after the first European had traversed this vast continent, the Portuguese Minister claimed the honour for two black men who were trading to that part of the country; but it was in the memory of a lady now living at Tete that those two black men came thither dressed and armed like the people of Louisa, but proceeded no further than there.

They thus failed by about 400 miles of what was claimed for them. Dr. Livingstone had made inquiry everywhere to ascertain whether the country had ever been visited by white people before, and everywhere he was answered in the negative. In this he was confirmed by the fact that the Portuguese dare not venture far up the river Shire for fear of being attacked by the natives. The Maug Aja were a brave people, and repelled an expedition the Portuguese had sent up the country before it had got thirty miles. The traders would not venture up it because some who had tried it had been robbed by the native tribes, so that the interior was not known to the Portuguese. The country everywhere appeared fertile, even on the sides of rocks and mountains. The grass grew high and cotton was cultivated in large quantities, and the further he went the crop appeared to be of greater importance. The women alone appeared to be well clothed with the produce of the country, the men appearing to be content with goat skins, and a cloth made of the bark of a certain tree. Every one of the natives spins and weaves cotton—even chiefs may be seen with a spindle and a bag, which serves for a distaff. There were two varieties of cotton he noticed grown in this country; one was a woolly kind, and the other was from imported seed, yielding a cotton that rendered it unnecessary to furnish the people with American seed. A point in its culture worth notice was, that the time of planting had been selected, so that the plants remained in the ground during the winter, and five months after sowing they came to maturity, before the rains began and insects came to damage the crop. The natives had no domestic animals but sheep, but large game was plentiful among the Maravi, west of the Shire. Their weapons were bows and poisoned arrows with iron heads, and every native carried a knife. There were also some rude attempts to make a pistol. Almost every village had a forge for smelting black magnetic iron ore, and many implements were made of it, but all very rude in their form and shape. The letters further gave minute details of the domestic life of the inhabitants, whom they described as strictly honourable in their bargains, and that if we were to purchase land of them, our right to it would be respected by all. They then referred to the navigation of the Mozambique river, which Dr. Livingstone contended was of the utmost importance, in a commercial point of view, to this country. The letters were received with much satisfaction, and, after some discussion, on the nature of the country and the advantages we might derive from our commerce with it, the meeting adjourned.

ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY.—At the first meeting of this Society, on Saturday afternoon, the president, Col. Sykes, in the chair, Mr. De B. Prialux read a paper on the Indian Embassy to Augustus, described by Nicolaus Damascenus, respecting the authenticity of which there has been much variety of opinion. The account given of the embassy by Damascenus, in a fragment preserved by Strabo, states that at Antioch Epidaphne he fell in with three Indian ambassadors then on their way to the court of Augustus; that they were the survivors of a larger embassy, the length of the journey having proved fatal to the others. The letter they were the bearers of was written in Greek, in the name of Porus, and set forth that Porus, though the lord of 600 kings, much valued the friendship of Cæsar, and was ready to open his dominions to him and to assist him on all just and lawful occasions. The presents they brought with them were in the charge of eight slaves, naked all but their girdles, and consisted of a youth whose arms had been amputated at the shoulders in childhood, some large vipers, a snake 10 cubits long, a river tortoise of four cubits, and a partridge somewhat larger than a vulture. Several Roman historians confirm the statement of an Indian embassy to Augustus, but they differ as to the date, the character of the presents, and in the name of the king from whom it was sent; and it was the object of Mr. Prialux to reconcile these differences, to account for the letter having been written in Greek, and to determine the character and object of the embassy. After examining the various authorities on the subject, and balancing the probabilities of their accounts, Mr. Prialux attributed the origin of the embassy to the Greeks of Alexandria, which was at that period essentially a Greek city. The merchants there carried on a large and increasing traffic with India, being supplied with the commodities by the Arabs, who jealously maintained their monopoly, and endeavoured to prevent the Greek merchants from trading directly with India. It was therefore important to the Alexandrian Greeks to open the communication which the Arabs kept closed, and one of the most feasible means of doing this would be to procure an embassy from some Indian rajah for the purpose of representing to Augustus the advantages that would attend the opening of the direct trade with India. In addition to the commercial advantages to be gained from such a course, the Greeks of Alexandria had a political interest to serve. In the great civil war just ended they had been zealous partisans of Mark Antony, and it was of importance to them to conciliate the favour of the conqueror, which they could not do more effectually than by promoting an Indian embassy, and thus raise him in the estimation of the people to an equality with Alexander, the object of the Alexandrians being not to impose upon him, but to gain his favour by enabling him to impose on the Roman people. Mr. Prialux, taking a review of these circumstances, thus explained and accounted for the embassy. He assumed that in the northern half of the Indian peninsula some Hindoo rajah, in his intercourse with Greek merchants, had often heard from them of the greatness and wealth of their metropolis, and of the advantages which he and his country would derive from more intimate commercial relations with it, and that they advised an embassy. The rajah having consented, the embassy arrived in Alexandria, for which city only it might have been originally intended. But the Alexandrians, alive to their own interests, quickly forwarded it to Augustus, and gave it weight and dignity by affixing to the Greek letter the name of Porus. Mr. Prialux said that, in offering this explanation, he did not pretend that it was quite satisfactory; but he considered it less improbable, less open to objection, and more in accordance with the statements given, than others. Colonel Sykes observed, in reference to one portion of Mr. Prialux's statement, wherein the snake sent as one of the presents was represented to be an object of worship, that the box-constrictor, which a snake of that size must evidently have been, is not worshipped in any part of India, and he conceived that such a present could only have been forwarded as an object of curiosity.

INSTITUTE OF ACTUARIES.—Nov. 28th. W. B. Hodge, Esq., V.P., in the chair. Mr. Gellicoe read a paper "On the Rationale of certain Actuarial Estimates." In this paper the writer drew attention to the remarkable differences which were found to exist between the purchasing and selling prices of a variety of securities depending on the duration of human life. After investigating the causes of the differences, and recounting the considerations out of which they arose, and showing that they were of a nature quite imperative, he proceeded to point out instances in which, for want of a clear understanding of the circumstances, false estimates might be made, and erroneous opinions given and insisted on, the importance of a full statement of the facts connected with each case being always made when the case is submitted to an actuary for his opinion. Particular reference was made to Reversionary and Contingent Reversionary interests, and it was shown that the equivocal manner in which cases were stated in reference to them was often calculated to mislead, and demanded on the part of the profession great care and circumspection. After the reading of the paper, an animated discussion took place, in which Mr. Hardy, Mr. Bunyon, Mr. S. Browne, Mr. M. Meekins, Mr. Bailey, Mr. Farren,

Mr. Sprague, Mr. Porter, and the Chairman took part, and the meeting separated.

INSTITUTION OF CIVIL ENGINEERS.—On Nov. 15th, G. P. Bidder, Esq., V.P., in the chair, the paper read was "On the Origin, Progress, and Present State of the Government Water Works, Trafalgar-square; with a few facts relating to other Wells which have been sunk or bored into the Chalk Formation," by Mr. C. E. Amos, M. Inst. C.E. A supply of water having been required for the fountains in Trafalgar-square, it was determined, in the year 1843, to carry out a plan which had been suggested by Mr. James Easton. This was framed to include the supply for the Public Offices. It was to be raised by engine power, from the springs beneath the London clay. It was considered expedient to use cooling ponds for condensing the steam of the engine; and it was thought that a small quantity of water in excess of that required for the public offices, running continually into the cooling ponds, would keep the water clean, and in a state fit for condensing. The basins of the fountains were intended for the cooling ponds. The water was to be taken for the condenser, afterwards to be raised into a cistern, from whence it was to be passed through the jets of the fountains, where it would be partially cooled and returned to the basin. It was found that the yearly interest on the cost of erection, added to the cost of working, would be less than the sums hitherto paid annually for the water supply to the public offices, and that, consequently, the playing of the fountains could be effected without cost to the Government. A contract was then made with Messrs. Easton and Amos for the execution of the works; and a piece of ground having been selected in Orange-street, the works were commenced in January 1844, by sinking the first well to the depth of 174 feet. A cast iron pipe, 15 inches diameter, was then driven through 30 feet of plastic clay and 10 feet into a stratum of gravel, sand, and stones, being left standing several feet up in the well. Within this another pipe, of 7 inches diameter, was driven through 55 feet of green coloured sand, and 3 feet into the chalk formation, and the boring was then continued to the total depth of 300 feet from the surface. A considerable quantity of water came from the sand, but a much larger supply was obtained from the chalk. A second well was sunk in the inclosure immediately in front of the National Gallery, to a depth of 168 feet from the surface. A pipe 14 inches diameter was then driven through the plastic clay, and into the gravel, sand, and stones beneath it. Within this a pipe 7 inches diameter was driven through 42 feet of green coloured sand, and 3 feet into the chalk, the boring being continued to the total depth of 383 feet. The springs were found to be stronger than those in the well in Orange-street. A tunnel 6 feet diameter, and about 400 feet long, was driven to connect the two wells; the bottom of it being about 123 feet below T. H. W. M. A catch wheel, 5 ft. 6 in. diameter and 32 feet deep, was sunk just outside the engine-house. A tunnel was driven from it, passing beneath Castle-street and the National Gallery, to contain the pipes for bringing the water back from the basins of the fountains to the catch well. The paper then proceeded to describe the situation of the different tanks or reservoirs in the water tower, and their purpose; and next gave a brief account of the high-pressure condensing steam engine, on the Cornish principle, for working two sets of pumps, one being capable of raising one hundred gallons of water per minute from the springs to the tank, and the other five hundred and fifty gallons per minute from the catch well into the tank for condensation and for the supply of the fountains. An auxiliary high-pressure single-acting steam-engine was also provided, to be used when the principal machine needed repair. The works were finished in December 1844. Their total cost, as completed, amounted to nearly 8400*l*. The water rose to within 90 feet of the surface (about 48 feet below T. H. W. M.), and was found to be of good quality. When the engine was pumping one hundred and ten gallons of water per minute, it could only lower the water 4 feet in the well. In 1846, a further demand for water having been made, a larger pump was substituted, which was capable of raising three hundred and fifty gallons of water per minute from the springs. In 1849 a second well was sunk in Orange-street, and an engine of 60 H.P., on Woolf's principle, was erected. The well was carried to a depth of 176 feet, and a tunnel was driven to connect it with the other wells. A bore pipe was driven through the plastic clay, within which it was intended to drive a smaller pipe through the sand into the chalk, and then to continue the boring as in the other wells. But an accident having occurred in driving the large pipe, which allowed sand to come up the bore hole, and made the water foul, the hole was stopped with bags of clay, and no further use had been made of it than as a sump well to contain the pumps. The accident was accounted for in this way: In driving the pipe great resistance was offered by the "hugging" of the plastic clay, and considerable percussive force had to be used. In consequence several of the screws which held the joints were shaken out, and the pipe having been improperly driven through the layer of gravel, sand, and stones into the sand beneath, there was an escape of water through the screw holes, and sand followed in sufficient quantity to cause inconvenience. The steam-engine worked one double-acting pump for supplying the fountains, and two other pumps for raising water from the springs into the tanks above the building. At an average speed of sixteen strokes per minute, the first could throw six hundred and sixty gallons, and the other two together six hundred gallons per minute. This engine is the one now mainly used. The supply of water from the springs was still found to be abundant. The pumping of six hundred gallons per minute lowered the water from 20 feet to 24 feet, when it remained stationary as long as the engine was kept working. The level of the water did not appear to be gradually lowering, and it was stated that on December 1st, 1858, it rose to within 66 feet of T. H. W. M., being about the same level as it stood in December, 1847. The author thought there could be no doubt that the greater portion of the water was obtained from the chalk. He then referred to the fact of the towns of Brighton, Croydon, Deal, Epsom, Ramsgate, and Woolwich, being all supplied with water from the chalk formation. There was an uncertainty, however, of obtaining a good supply from the chalk, as was illustrated in the case of the well sunk at Messrs. Truman's brewery. In 1857, a greater supply of water being required by the Messrs. Truman, it was determined to extend the works. In the first place the sand and water above the chalk were shut out, then the well was continued to a depth of 300 feet from the top, when it was discontinued, as no water came up the well hole. As the chalk showed indications of water at the depth of 285 feet, the floor of the tunnels was commenced at that level. These tunnels were 5 ft. 6 inches high by 4 feet wide; that on the north side was driven to a length of 57 feet, and that on the south side to 48 feet. The quantity of water now obtained did not exceed twelve and a half gallons per minute. The water of the springs in the sand had been taken by tapping the cylinders at the bottom, instead of, as hitherto, near the top of the sand stratum. A well sunk at Messrs. Combe's brewery, to a depth of about 48 feet into the chalk, produced a supply of seventy gallons per minute. The water stood 20 feet higher in this well than in the Trafalgar-square well, while the water in both wells was in a state of rest.

THE LITERARY AND PHILOSOPHICAL SOCIETY OF LIVERPOOL.—The fortnightly meeting of this society was held on Monday at the Royal Institution, Colquhoun-street, the Rev. H. H. Higgins presiding. The paper was by Professor Archer, on "The Economic Products of the Quadrumania," specially noticing the extent to which monkeys were hunted in various parts of the world for the sake of their furs, skins, or for food.

ROYAL DUBLIN SOCIETY.—The first scientific meeting of the Royal Dublin Society was held on Friday night, the 25th ult., Dr. Fleming in the chair. Dr. McDonnell read an interesting paper "On the Habits and Anatomy of the Lepidosiren Annectens." Dr. David Walker, late surgeon on board the yacht *Fox*, in the Arctic expedition, was introduced to the meeting, and read a paper entitled "Ice Observations." He said that the contradictory statements of Dr. Sutherland and Dr. Kane, as to the saltiness of ice formed from sea-water, induced him to reinvestigate the subject. The changes which he observed sea-water to undergo in freezing are the following: When the temperature falls below + 28.5 deg., it becomes covered with a thin pellicle of ice; after some time this pellicle becomes thicker, and presents a vertically striated structure, similar to that of cakes of sal ammoniac. As the ice further increases in thickness, it becomes more compact, but the lowest portion still retains the striated structure. On the surface of the ice, saline crystals, designated by the author "efflorescence," soon begin to form, at first few in number and widely separated, but gradually forming into tufts, and ultimately covering the whole surface. At first, the increase in thickness of the ice is rapid, but afterwards the rate of growth is much slower and more uniform. The ice formed yields, on being melted, a solution differing in specific gravity according to the temperature at the time of congelation, its density being less the lower the temperature at which the process of congelation took place. Although the author's observations extended from + 28.5 deg. to - 42 deg., he was never able to obtain fresh water from sea-ice, the purest specimen being of specific gravity 1.005, and affording abundant evidence of the presence of salts, especially of chloride of sodium, in such quantity as to render it unfit for domestic purposes. To explain the observation of Dr. Kane as to the freshness of ice formed from sea-water under - 30 deg., the author supposes that it may have depended on the freezing of a portion of sea-water which was covered at the time of its congelation with a stratum of fresh water produced by the melting of bergs. On the 12th of April, 1857, whilst lying off Brown's Island, within about four miles of a glacier surrounded by bergs, the author observed a layer of fresh water, two or three inches in depth, floating like oil on the surface of the salt water. To this cause he attributes the occasional occurrence of hummocks, from the upper portions of which ice, perfectly free from salt, can be obtained, while on digging deeper into these hummocks the ice is always found to lose its freshness.

MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

- MON. British Architects. 8. Medical. 84. Dr. Cockle, "On certain points of Diagnosis in Mitral Valve Disease."
TUES. Civil Engineers. 8. Continued Discussion upon Mr. Grantham's paper, "On Arterial Drainage and Outfalls."
WED. London Inst. 7. Mr. E. W. Brayley, "On the Physical History, Structure, and Materials of the Earth."
SOCIETY OF ARTS. 8. Mr. J. C. Morton, "On the Forces used in Agriculture."
MEDICAL. 84. Lettsomian Lectures, Dr. F. W. Pavy, Professor of Physiology, Guy's Hospital, "On certain points connected with Diabetes," with experimental illustrations.
THURS. Antiquaries. 8.
FRI. London Inst. 7. Mr. Thomas A. Malone, "On Certain Principles of Vegetable and Animal Chemistry, and their application to the Arts and Purposes of Life."

MISCELLANEA.

LORD BROUGHAM, as Chancellor of the University of Edinburgh, has appointed Sir John Melville, and Mr. Gladstone, as rector, has appointed John Brown, Esq., M.D., assessors in the University Court. The first duty of the court will be to elect three curators to exercise the patronage of several of the university chairs, along with four to be chosen by the town council.

The Taylorian Professor of Modern European Languages at Oxford, Max Müller, M.A., Fellow of All Souls' College, will give a public lecture on "Schiller," at two o'clock on Thursday, the 1st of December, in the lecture room of the Taylor Institution.

The honours of a public funeral were, on Monday, paid to the remains of the late Dr. George Wilson, Professor of Technology in Edinburgh University. The obsequies were attended by the Lord Provost, magistrates, and council in their robes, the professors of the University in their academic gowns, and by the directors and members of nearly all the learned and mercantile societies in the city. The long and mournful procession was witnessed by a large number of spectators, particularly in Princes'-street and Waterloo-place, on the way to the Old Calton burying-ground. Almost all the societies in town, whether connected with science, literature, or trade, have had to inscribe on their minutes a sense of the loss individually sustained by them, and to express their gratitude for many services rendered to them by the deceased.

The *Times* has given insertion to the following extraordinary epistle from Walter Savage Landor; why, except to show what bombastical nonsense the old man can write, it is not easy to understand. One fact, however, we gather, though not a very important one, that Mr. Landor's opinion of "the most legitimate sovran in the universe" has undergone some slight modifications: "Sir,—The Italians are highly gratified by the justice you have awarded to Garibaldi. It appears to me that he is worthy of your commendation and of their confidence. He now has resigned his command of the Piedmontese and of the Central Army. The latter was temporarily in other hands. Garibaldi knew that it is, and always was, the policy of France to keep the nations of Italy divided. The First Consul exhausted the marrow, cut up the flesh, parcelled it out among the hounds at the kennel-door, and then whipped away the poor who wanted to partake of it. His successor is now doing the same. Those who confided in his promises he throws over to those who fought against him. Such is the mournful cry from the Mincio to the Arno. Pardon me, Sir, if I express my opinion that your learning has led you to mistake the character of the Italians. True it is that among the higher classes there are sycophants and time-servants; but it is equally true that even among these there are as honest and independent men as the very best in England. Florence has lately shown many great and glorious exemplars. I confess that a few of the wealthier, and of those who come forward in the guise of patriots, are unwilling to disburse 100 crowns, at the call of Garibaldi, for the purchase of rifles. I could mention a noble patriot whose annual income amounts to several thousand pounds sterling, and whose expenditure is reported to be within 400*l*, and who has no incumbrances, yet who responds with a sigh toward a contribution. The Tuscans, and especially the Florentines, are unwelcome; yet we must not judge of them by their civil conflicts. In their batrachomyomachia there was much croaking, much squeaking, much bustle, little bloodshed; but in the campaigns of Bonaparte they fought valiantly. In his armies, composed of various nations, the soldiers of Bergamo and Brescia were eminently distinguished. Forty years ago I resided on the Lake of Como, where was also the residence of General Pini, who commanded the regiments of Italy. He deplored to me the fallen state of his country, and asked, proudly and indignantly, in what engagement were his soldiers deficient in their duty? what regiments were more exposed than the Italian? whose losses were heavier in privates and officers? Garibaldi knows that slaughter is saved by promptitude of attack. It

was only of his own blood that he ever was profuse. He provided for the removal of his sick and wounded by engaging the affections of the peasantry. Often had he to find rations in the waggon train of a fugitive enemy, who had left nothing else behind. He took no spoils, and permitted none. When he besought the necessary loan of carts and horses, it was not for the comfort or convenience of his officers. All their baggage, and all his included, was less heavy than that of a single East India captain. He was cheerful and joyous on the eve of dangerous exploits, and that spirit animated the whole army. Yet he felt in his privacy the loss of every soldier who fell, and every wound was his. The warmest heart is the tenderest, and that heart is Garibaldi's.—WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

Notes and Queries gives the following *impromptu* of Daniel O'Connell, occasioned by the attack of the three Colonels, Sibthorp, Perceval, and Verner, which is being given in an incorrect form in the public prints. The following is a copy as it appeared Nov. 10, 1859:

Three colonels in three different counties born,
Sligo, Armagh, and Lincoln did adorn;
The first of them in ignorance surpassed,
The next in impudence, in grace the last.
The force of nature could no further go,
To board the third, she shaved the other two.

The lines given below are in the author's own hand, dated August 6, 1838, and in my possession:

Three colonels in three distant counties born,
Lincoln, Sligo, and Armagh did adorn;
The first in gravity of face surpassed,
In sobriety the next, in grace the last.
The force of nature could no further go,
To board the first, she shaved the other two.

We learn from the *Medical Times* that Abdul-Medjid, though a very moderate ruler, has an excellent idea of the value of physic. In a late tour through his provinces he picked up a fever, and very happily so for his doctor, Caratheodory. A few doses of the sulphate of quinine appear to have put the Imperial patient on his legs again, and so relieved the tremblings of an anxious list of court hangers-on. Now, it appears that when the Sultan is proclaimed convalescent after an illness, it is the custom for all the members of the Imperial family, for all the high dignitaries and functionaries, to make the presiding medical genius a present. Of course the degree of these gentlemen's joy is measured by the size of their present; and by the joy being very great on the occasion in question, Dr. Caratheodory has come in for some three or four hundred thousand francs worth of jewels, objects of art, and presents of all kinds. Then comes the Sultan's turn, and for his fee he gives the doctor a magnificent domain. It would seem to be only among demi-civilised and savage nations that the doctor receives proper respect. However, there may be a reverse to the medal even here, for we are not told what M. Caratheodory's fee would have been if his affectionate friends had lost their beloved master. Abdul! All the world cried out against M. Lallemand when he charged Ibrahim Pacha 200,000 francs for an operation on the urethra, but it is clear that Lallemand understood the ways of Orientals.

We have to felicitate the country on the spread of enthusiasm among the gentlemen of the press, on the subject of the volunteer movement. Last week we had to congratulate the editor of the *Morning Star* upon having received a medal for skill in the use of the rifle; this week it is our pleasing duty to record the proposition of a correspondent of the *Morning Advertiser*, to the effect that a "Press Brigade" should be raised, to consist entirely of members of the public press: "At this critical period for our liberties, when every patriotic breast beats high at the thoughts of what might be the results of a descent upon our shores when the watchman is asleep, and when every class and creed are arming against the common enemy, it seems strange that the members of the Fourth Estate should alone be inactive. Distinguished as the majority of the gentlemen of the press are by rare ability and indefatigable industry, as evinced by their ubiquitousness and travels, I conceive there could be no fitter material for a large brigade than they would present. And if you are to take the initiative, or some other large establishment, like that of *Bell's Life in London*, whose racing editor is admirably formed, by his thorough knowledge of discipline and amiable disposition, to become a popular leader, the result would be that volunteers would readily be found, as willing to defend our firesides with their swords as they have hitherto done our

rights and privileges with their pens. And although Douglas Jerrold has maintained the latter to be the most powerful weapon of the two, it is well to be prepared with each in case of necessity. I throw out this hint in the hope it may be adopted by influential parties.—Yours, &c. OBSERVER." The only objection we see to this proposition is, that should the Press Brigade be severely handled in battle there might be no one left to report the transaction. At any rate, it is to be hoped that the brigade will be one of infantry; seeing that if report speak truly, the commander proposed by "Observer," although the editor of a sporting print, is utterly unable to mount a horse. However, may virtue prosper! we need not despair of seeing even the columns of *Bell's Life* become not only popular but useful.

An American paper says the "Hon. Edward Everett is writing an article on Washington for one of our encyclopaedias."

The police authorities of Berlin, in 1856, interdicted the journals from inserting advertisements for wives, on the ground that such things were a profanation of the sanctity of marriage. A man recently wanted to advertise for a wife, but in consequence of the prohibition no newspaper would accept the advertisement. He accordingly applied to the Minister of the Interior, and that functionary has just answered that as there is no law against such advertisements, the newspapers may insert them, provided they contain nothing offensive.

M. Berryer, it is said, has been engaged to defend the *Ami de la Religion* in the prosecution directed against it for the publication of the pretended letter of King Victor Emmanuel to the Emperor Napoleon.

OBITUARY.

WILSON, Professor George, Professor of Technology in the University of Edinburgh, died on Tuesday, the 22nd ult., after a brief illness. The *Scotsman* says: "The loss of a man so learned and able in his own department, and so universally regarded with esteem and affection, is no common one to the city, or even to the country; and it is apparently heightened by the circumstance of his removal at a time when the prospects of his usefulness were greatly extending, as his talents and labours were being more fully appreciated. The technology class this winter was an unusually large one, and the Industrial Museum, in which Professor Wilson took so great and paternal an interest, seemed to have passed through all the initiatory difficulties, promising soon to take its place among the most prominent institutions of Edinburgh. Professor Wilson, whose health, at all times extremely delicate, had been further weakened by overwork, died of an inflammatory attack of about a fortnight's duration, though it did not assume a serious aspect till within a day or two of the end." Another contemporary, referring to the incidents of his career, says: "In 1853 he was appointed to the joint offices above referred to, and it was at that period that the long-delayed project of establishing an industrial museum for Scotland in Edinburgh was first seriously contemplated by Government. Five or six years have since been spent in settling and unsettling the plans, and in Parliamentary battles for the supplies, but last session the first instalment was passed for the erection of the building (the site having been purchased several years ago), and Dr. Wilson only lived to see the first active steps taken for the erection of the museum, which he had devoted the whole interval since his appointment to push forward, and to collect the materials which should make it as complete an expositor as possible of the industrial arts and sciences of civilized nations. Dr. Wilson was a most accomplished chemist; he was profoundly versed in all the physical sciences; he was an elegant scholar, and a graceful and imaginative lecturer and writer. As a man he was esteemed and beloved by all who knew him for his catholicity of spirit, his benevolence of disposition, and his uprightness and integrity of character. It will be impossible, we fear, adequately to supply the vacancy his death occasions in the chair of technology and keepership of the museum, for which position he was most eminently fitted by his habits and studies, and for which he had, on more than one occasion, sacrificed much higher worldly prospects."

LAWRIE, Dr. James, Professor of Surgery in Glasgow University, died on the 22nd ult., at the Bridge of Allan. The *North British Daily Mail* says that he was son of the Rev. Dr. Archibald Lawrie, of London (the friend of Burns), and after undergoing the usual medical curriculum, he proceeded to Madras Presidency, where he practised his profession, and gathered the seeds of the disease which ultimately cut him off. Returning from India, he was appointed a professor in the Andersonian University, and on the occurrence of the vacancy in the Professorship of Surgery in Glasgow University, caused by the melancholy demise of Dr. Burns, who was drowned from on board the *Orion*, at Portpatrick, in 1850, he was appointed to the chair. He was an able and industrious preceptor, gentle and judicious as a practitioner, and highly esteemed as a member of society.

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